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O'CONOR, Charles

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Dean *Swift* and *Tho. Prior*, Esq;

IN THE

Isles of St. *Patrick*'s Church, *Dublin*,

On that memorable Day, *October* 9th, 1753.

By a Friend to the Peace and Prosperity of IRELAND.

Quæ Gratia Curram
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ Cura nitentes
Pascere Equos, eadem sequitur Tellure repostos.

VIRG. ÆN. VI.

DUBLIN:

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ERRATA.

Page 7. *Line* 19. *for* Phraſes *read* Praiſes.
P. 11. *L.* 18. *for* attack *read* attack'd.
P. 14. *L.* 25. *for* they *r.* the Ladies.
P. 17. *L.* 22. *for* emnently *r.* eminently.
P. 18. *L.* 25. *for* Henepius *r.* Henepin's.
P. 26. *L.* 26. *for* their *r.* the.
P. 27. *L.* 13. *for* brag *r.* boaſt.
P. 33. *L.* 25. *for* runing *r.* running.
P. 34. *L.* 5. *for* St. Foil *r.* St. Foin.
P. 36. *L.* 28. *for* ſay *r.* ſee.
P. 42. *L.* 25. *for* adæquate *r.* inadequate.
P. 63. *L.* 11. *for* Teas *r.* Tea.
P. 71. *L.* 15. *after* horrid *r.* and.
P. 72. *L.* 3. *for* we *r.* they.
P. 75. *L. the laſt, for* 'tis employ'd in, *r.* that accompany it.
P. 85. *L.* 10. *after* Virtue *add,* or Learning.
P. 88. *L.* 10. *after* Wall *add,* of.
P. 88. *L.* 31. *for* that *r.* than.

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A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Dean *Swift* and *Tho. Prior*, Eſq;

In the Iſles of St. *Patrick*'s Church,

Dublin, *Oct.* 9, 1753.

PRIOR. MR. Dean, I am ſorry to ſee you up, if any of your private Affairs diſturb you. I came to call at your Grave, and have a little Diſcourſe with you; but unleſs 'tis the Publick has rouz'd you, I am troubled to find you walking as well as my ſelf.

SWIFT. 'Tis my Country keeps me walking! why who can lie ſtill? I don't believe there are many Ghoſts now, that have any ſhare of Underſtanding, or any regard for *Ireland*, that are to be found in their Graves at Midnight. For my part I can no more keep in my Den than if it were the Day of Judgment. I have been earth'd now eight Years laſt *October*, and I think on my Conſcience (and you know *Tom* the Conſcience of one dead Man is worth ten of thoſe that are living) I have had very few good Days

Sleep ſince I got there. Ah *Tom!* poor *Ireland!* poor *Ireland!* it plagued my Heart while I was trifling away Life there; but my Curſe on it, I never thought it would have broke my Reſt thus when I was dead. I have tumbled and toſs'd from one Side to the other (and by the by, they make theſe curſed Coffins ſo narrow 'tis a Plague to be in them) firſt one Thing would come into my Head, and then another, and often wrought me ſo, that I have many a time been forced to walk a whole Moon to reſt me and get the better Nap when I lay down. Prithee how have you done?

PRIOR. Why, very little better; only as I have not been ſo long ſhut up in my Dormitory as you, the Confinement is leſs irkſome. But I was not affected the ſame way with you, for I ſometimes ſlept for Months together like a Dormouſe; but when *Ireland* once gets into my Head and its preſent melancholy Circumſtances, it works my Thoughts upwards and downwards from the Great Ones to their Slaves, like a poor Patient with *Ward*'s Drop and Pill.

SWIFT. That has often been my Caſe *Tom.* When I get into that Train of thinking, and conſider the preſent Situation of our Country, it makes me as uneaſy in my Coffin as a Rat ſhut up in a Trap. I remember an old She * Fool, that was fonder of ſcribling than reigning, uſed to ſay, that the Dead have that melancholy Advantage over the Living of firſt forgetting them; but 'tis as falſe as ten thouſand other

* Queen *Chriſtina* of *Sweden.*

Truths,

Truths, that your Philoſophers and Politicians above Ground keep ſuch a babling with over our Heads. For my part I never had that Pleaſure, for ſince my firſt Nap under my Graveſtone, which did not laſt three Weeks, I have been as much perplex'd about *Ireland*, as if I was ſtill living at the Deanry, writing for Poſterity, and thinking for my poor Country. What makes you ſigh ſo *Tom?* Why you draw your Breath as hard as a broken-winded Racer; ſome Qualm I ſuppoſe about this neglected Iſland.

PRIOR. That was the Caſe indeed. But tho' I am chiefly grieved at the ill Circumſtances of *I———d*, my next trouble is, that the World ſeems reſolved they ſhall never mend; and, I think ſo, by their treating all true Patriots in the moſt unhandſome Manner. This is as mad a Meaſure, as impriſoning the Phyſicians in an epidemical Sickneſs would be. Yet ſuch Men, who only could heal our Diſtempers, are treated almoſt as common Poiſoners, and watch'd as if they were Incendiaries and the Enemies of Society. It was too much our own Caſe when we were among Men, and tho' I ſcorn to lament the indifferent Treatment Dean *Swift* and *Tom Prior* received from thoſe who ſhould have reſpected and honoured them; yet I cannot help being concerned for the hard Uſage all true Patriots generally meet with in *I———d*. Their Writings, tho' ever ſo diſintereſted are treated as ſo many mercenary Productions of the Preſs; their Zeal and their Motives are ever ſuſpected, as falſe and perſonated, and moſt Governments look on ſuch Authors at beſt, as ſo many out-lying Deer, and give all the World leave to hunt them and run them down. I

am ſure, as to my Particular, I may juſtly ſay, I found it ſo; for, as I well knew, that writing with a Deſign to pleaſe or ſerve others, ends, generally, either in Neglect or Cenſure; ſo, I would not have engaged in ſuch a dangerous Undertaking, if I could have quieted my Heart, that was ever tempting me to deſpiſe the Danger for the Hopes of doing good by my Pen.

SWIFT. I wiſh *Tom* the Tribe of Authors had ever writ from ſuch a Turn of Mind, and then I fancy the World had not been ſo much over-run with Books.

PRIOR. I can anſwer for my ſelf that I had only the Service of my Fellow Citizens in view. Let thoſe whoſe miſerable Aim is writing well, be aſhamed if they are criticiz'd, or ridiculed, but he who ſincerely ſtrives to ſerve Millions, muſt have a Scorn for Malice or Satyr, if he thinks he can feed or cloath half a Nation by ſcribling. I profeſs I writ whatever I publiſh'd, barely for the Joy I had in doing ſome Service to my Country, and with ſo little a view to Reputation, that I would have done it, if there had been no ſuch thing as Fame in the World; and ſurely, there is almoſt as little of that phantaſtick Pleaſure to be had here as in the *Iſle of Man*, or the *Orcades*. Nay, Dean, I'll go further, I would have done it for the gratifying the pleaſing Inſtinct that lead me to it, if there had not been a great Lord and Parent of Good to approve and reward it. Hence it was that I troubled the World with a deal of Tracts on publick Subjects; and, I thank Heaven, my Heart is as little aſham'd of it, now I am dead, as I was proud of it when I

was

was living, which is what few Authors can ſay when they are coffin'd. I ſaw writing abſolutely neceſſary to the well-being of the moſt neglected Nation under Heaven. I heard, I ſaw, I felt the Diſpleaſure of ſome great Men for ſeveral Things I wrote, which croſt their Views, or even diſagreed with their Opinions or Deſires. I ſaw few either willing to appear Medlers or Buſy-Bodies this Way; or viſibly to hurt their worldly Intereſts, or to ſeem fond of either Ridicule or Reputation by buſtling about it; and, as I was quite indifferent to thoſe Fears, I hop'd what I did, and the Motives I went on, might be pardonable if not approveable; and whatever was the Event, I as ſincerely deſpiſed any Abuſe I met with, as I did any Credit, that a few ſolitary thinking Men might allow me for it.

SWIFT: Why, really *Tom*, as there is no lying in this World, that we are now launch'd into, I muſt own there is a great deal of Truth in all you have ſaid; and tho' I often writ for the Sake of Applauſe, yet writing with ſuch a View is a poor Motive, and the beſt and nobleſt, and I had almoſt ſaid, the only juſtifiable one, is to do Good in an evil World. I don't ſee any Thing very deſireable in the greateſt Talents, or in the largeſt Affluence of Fortune, unleſs they are in ſome Meaſure employed in the Publick Service, and if they be, it truly dignifies them; nay, that ſingle View is enough to ſanctify the pooreſt Scribling, and to make the meaneſt ſcraping and ſaving of Avarice, paſs for the Marks of a worthy Spirit. But tho' Patriots are generally ſo ill uſed, by the ungrateful World; you certainly came

much better off than I did, for where you met with one Reviler, I met with one hundred. The Pamphlets wrote againſt me, wou'd have form'd a Library, or rather a Dormitory, where they might have ſlept in undiſturb'd Repoſe; inſtead of furniſhing Grocers and Paſtry Cooks for Years together, to make ſome expiation for beggaring Printers and Bookſellers. I have had Thouſands written againſt me, with Virulence and Scandal.

PRIOR. And what a wounding Grief muſt that be, to your generous Mind, to have ſo much Malice returned, where ſo much Gratitude was due; ſurely it gave you infinite Pain to be ſo laſh'd and ſtigmatiſed, by a Rabble, of the moſt invenom'd and imbitter'd Scriblers upon Earth?

SWIFT. Why, dear *Tom*, I cou'd laugh a Month at you for this. Why, they made no more Impreſſion on my Spirit, with their ſcurrilous Pamphlets, than they wou'd have done, on my Statue, had they thrown them at it. I ever conſider'd, that Abuſe from ſuch Scriblers, who write for a Livelihood, can no more be thought an Affront, than a Barber's taking you by the Noſe; 'tis his Trade, and the Wretch would ſtarve if you ſtopt him. What harm did all their Ribaldry do me? I neither eat, nor drunk, nor ſlept the worſe for it. I don't ſuppoſe, that the ſcape Goat, which the *Jews* loaded with Curſes, and drove into the Wilderneſs, either died by their Maledictions, or grew a whit the leaner for them; nor was I ever the worſe for all I met with. Why *Tom*, one had as good be a ſenſitive Plant, as to ſtart and fly back, at every Touch,

Touch, or every Appearance of being Touch'd, as ſome weak Men do.

PRIOR. We may Reaſon thus, but Nature generally over maſters our Opinions.

SWIFT. Yes, when they are of oppoſite Sides, but in this point they muſt agree. Conſider, what a wretched Thing would Merit be, whoſe chief ſupport is a juſtly deſerved good Character, if it depended for its real Fame, on the Wiitings (if we muſt call them Writings) of envious Scriblers, or the Tongues of Slanderers, who wou'd both of them fain get a Scrap of Reputation, by vilifying exalted Names. No, *Tom*, there is ſomething in true Merit, ſo independent of Applauſe and Cenſure, and ſo ſuperior to the going out, or coming into Vogue, that it frequently takes the Injuries of ſuch Reptiles as a kind of Homage; like the Abuſes offered by the common Soldiers, to Conquerors when they Ride in Triumph, and which they valued as little as the ſenſeleſs Phraſes and Shouts of the multitude. 'Tis time enough for true Merit and Goodneſs to expect Juſtice from Men; when it receives the Euge of the Omnipotent; for then only will Malice be out of Countenance, Envy ſilent, and then only will Truth (the Language of Eternity) prevail!

PRIOR. Well, very well, Mr. *Dean*. But I am much miſtaken, if you was not heartily Sick of your Patriotiſm, when you was ſo often branded and aſperſt by ſuch Crowds of Phamplets and Scriblers.

SWIFT.

SWIFT. Dr. *Tom*, they never gave me a moment's Pain, for the Truth is, I was too proud to be affronted, and had too high a Spirit to be humbled, by ſuch Inſults, or elſe indeed I had met with Opportunities enough to make me paſs my Time very uneaſily. But in the next place thoſe who Writ againſt me, were mere toothleſs Animals, or at leaſt a Sort of *Iriſh* Vipers, that tho' they lov'd to Bite, yet they wanted the pungent Venom which gives the Torment. Many of their Tracts were the pooreſt Productions that ever diſgraced the Preſs; without Style, or Wit, or Senſe, or Argument. I remember one of them, where both I, and the Subject he writ on, were equally ill-treated, begun like a *Hebrew* Book at the wrong End, with an Apology for the Author's inability to handle ſuch weighty Points as they deſerved; and indeed *Tom*, that ſingle Confeſſion was the only Thing that look'd like Truth or Modeſty in the whole Performance. How could I be affronted by ſuch miſerable Efforts of Malice? and above all, if the natural elevation of my Mind, had not enabled me to look down on them with Diſdain, the Dignity and uſefulneſs of my Life, help'd me to ſmile on them as impotent and harmleſs. I was ſo far from being mortified by their baſe revilings, that I think, I wrote the better for them, and with higher Spirit, as a well mettled Horſe moves the briſker for being laſhed. Beſides, as I often wrote for the ſervice of the World, and the Intereſts of Mankind; I always appeared with every Advantage, that Candour, Honeſty, and Courage, cou'd give me againſt Injuſtice, Oppreſſion, and Tyrany. I wrote for Truth and Reaſon, for Liberty, and the Rights of my Country

Country and Fellow-Subjects; and it gave me Joy, to see the Minions of a Court, and the Slaves of Power, stare at the dextrous boldness of my Pen, as I fancy a Cuckold does at a Deer, when he sees it cast its Horns.

PRIOR. Why dear *Dean*, I will not oppose you too obstinately; but I am sure, you will not deny, that you were sufficiently mortified, with other Things, if you were not with the Sarcasms of your Rival Writers.

SWIFT. What other Things pray?

PRIOR. Why your not being perferr'd, nor advanc'd in the Church.

SWIFT. I renounce it! I deny it! I lost nothing by not being preferred, but an enlarged Power of doing Good; and the Day is coming (much sooner than the Feeders on the Earth imagine) when I shall be allowed as fully, for the Good I would have done, as for that which I was able to accomplish. The Publick indeed lost many, and perhaps considerable Advantages, and I some hearty Prayers, by that Disappointment; at the same Time, I ever look'd on the Gain of Preferment with the noblest Scorn: I hardly look'd with more on those that disgraced it, your A——s, and your B——s, your C——s, and your D——s. The truth is, I saw in this same scurvy World, so many bad Men pass for good; so many Fools for wise; so many Ignorants for Learned; and so many Knaves for honest, and rewarded accordingly, that I was rather provok'd,

provok'd, than mortified. However, I never fretted, but rather diverted my Spleen, with the World's fine Miſtakes; and I enjoyed in *Petto*, that juſt delight of a truely honeſt Mind, of either pitying, or contemning every worthleſs Animal, whoſe Advancement made him look down on me, with Inſolence or Scorn.

PRIOR. That was a peculiar felicity of Temper.

SWIFT. It was ſo, and I enjoy'd it fully. If ſometimes, I was weak enough to be angry at ſuch Events, I took care, that my Ill-humour, ſhou'd be as uſeful to the Publick, as my good cou'd have been. I ever deſpiſed undeſerved Grandeur, and miſapplied Power, and therefore few People in high Poſts, or even Kings or Queens, or Miniſters, cou'd ever brag much of my Condeſcenſion, in ſpeaking a good Word for them to Poſterity, or endeavouring to blind the Eyes of the preſent Times, by Printing either Lies or Truths in their Favour. 'Tis true, I almoſt as ſeldom gave them any Proofs of my Spite; partly out of neglect, and a deſpair of doing any good by it; but chiefly, as I rather choſe quarrelling with my Equals, whom I cou'd ſafely treat as ill as they uſed me; for after all *Tom*, tho' a Man hates Lyons and Tygers, there is no great Wit or Wiſdom in throwing Stones at them, and provoking the lordly Monſters, to try the ſtrength of their Mouths, or their Fangs on you.

PRIOR, I entirely agree with you there, Dean, but it is certain, if you was not mortified, you was enraged at the ill Uſage your Patriotiſm drew on you from

from the Men in Power. This therefore, muſt have diſturbed your mind remarkably, and as I was obſerving at firſt had never given you any uneaſineſs, had you been leſs zealous in your Country's Service.

SWIFT. I ſhall chuſe to ſay little to that; tho' probably had they uſed me more generouſly, both they and I had been better pleaſed. I know my Foes ſaid, if I had not hated the Miniſtry ſo much, I had not lov'd *Ireland* ſo well, nor fought her Battles ſo ſtoutly againſt a ſtupid World, and a juncto of Copper-Coiners, Oppreſſors and Tax-Gatherers. But indeed, *Tom*, I ſcorn'd to write from ſuch mean-intereſted Views and partial Ends; but I wrote becauſe I lov'd Honour, Truth and Liberty, more than fifty *Irelands*. Nay, upon my Word, if I had liv'd three Winters in *Lapland*, and found it as much oppreſt; I would have made War with my Pen on the *Danes*, with the ſame Spirit, and attack them for ſo baſely diſtreſſing the Slaves that croucht to them, and durſt not on pain of Ruin howl under their Rods. I thank Heaven, I got the better of the redoubted Sir *Robert*, in that important Affair; and if I had liv'd a little longer, and my Organs had not declined too faſt, I would have kept all the great Baſhaws of *Europe* in my Dependance as *Aretine* did.

PRIOR. Why, Dr. Dean, I was complaining of the hard Fate and ill Uſage true Patriots meet with in the World, from its Neglects, if not from its Oppreſſions; and you ſtop my Mouth with Declamations of their Worth and their Influence, and make them

them the moſt formidable People in it. Don't you conſider how eaſily they are cruſht by Power.

SWIFT. No! But I conſider how eaſily they can cruſh Power, I mean abuſed Power, when they attack Oppreſſion and plead for Liberty, and an injured People. If I was to be reſtored to Life again (which Heaven forbid) and was in the Prime of my Parts and Spirits, I could overturn bad Miniſters as eaſily with my Pen, as *Mahomet* in his Alcoran ſays, the Archangel *Gabriel* did Mountains with the Feather of his Wing. An Author whoſe Writings are bottom'd on Truth, and influenced by no Motives but the ſincere Love of his Country can do Wonders. As he Acts right he fears nothing; and if he be Oppreſt, his Sufferings do but exalt his Character and encreaſe his Strength as well as his Courage. I ever found this true by Experience, I never had more Spirit, more Reſolution, than when I was moſt eminently injured; nor did I ever exert my ſelf in a more diſtinguiſhed Manner than when the Intereſts of two Kingdoms were both at Work, and labouring by the help of a Villain in Scarlet Robes, to String me up as a Trumpeter of Rebellion. God forgive the Enemies of ſincere Patriots, who make uſe of all their Arts and their Power to cruſh and oppreſs them; but tho' I pray for them, I muſt own *Tom*, if Beggars, were to be chuſers, I had rather they ſhould be forgiven after they had been ſeverely puniſh'd for their miſdeeds, for otherwiſe, when Oppreſſors gall Men or Nations too long, Providence bears half blame.

PRIOR.

PRIOR. I ſhall ſubmit to all you advance *Dean*, provided you quit this Subject, (which I unluckily ſtarted) and go to another, which I came to talk about, and is of more Importance; I mean our poor Country, and its preſent State and Circumſtances; when I died, I thought I had left it in a very improving way, and on the mending hand, by my Writings and my conſtant Labours in its Service, and had I liv'd a little longer, I wou'd have wrote ſome Tracts, that wou'd have prevented ſome Diſtreſſes, which I hear, are likely to fall heavy on her.

SWIFT. Dreams! Whims! and Deluſions! If you had wrote your ſelf as blind as *Milton* did, what Service cou'd you do a Nation that never thinks. You might as well expect to cure the Deaf by talking to them; Idiots by reaſoning with them; or to rouſe the Dead as the *Romans* did by bawling and weeping for their miſerable Condition. If they had been retrievable by any Writings, I may juſtly ſay, they had been retrieved by mine.

——*Si Pergama dextra,*
Defendi poſſent, etiam hâc defenſa fuiſſent.

But all ſuch hopes are vain. Preach to Fiſhes and talk to Wolves like St. *Anthony* and St. *Francis*, and try what Change it will make in them, and be aſſur'd, juſt ſo much and no more, would your Arguments and Eloquence do, with our heedleſs Countrymen. I told them of their Danger, and every impending Ruin in Print, Winter after Winter, as regularly as Men wiſh People a good Year, every firſt of *January*; for

let

let me tell you *Tom*, repetitions of this Sort, are as neceſſary in a Nation, that will not readily mind good Advice, as crying Fire! Fire! in a City in Flames, where all are drunk or aſleep, and muſt either rouſe and beſtir themſelves, or Periſh. I cannot help boaſting a little on this Subject, I have a Title to it; theſe Hands were almoſt as uſeful to the People of *I——d*, as *Moſes*'s were to the *Jews*: When I lifted them up, all went well; when I dropt them, all went wrong. However, I muſt own, that as to the bulk of the Nation, tho' I tried them, and ſtudied them, for half a Century, I ever found that they wou'd not be at the pain of thinking, for half an hour, to ſecure their eaſe and happineſs, for half a Year. But, pray *Tom*, before you ſpeak of the Diſtreſſes that menace *I——d*, let me hear what Grounds you have to ſay, She was, in a tolerable improving way, and on the mending hand (as you call'd it) when you died. I have heard indeed, from the Ghoſts of ſome half-ſtarved Silk-Weavers, and ſome Manufacturers of *Iriſh* Woollen Goods, that died of Hunger and Poverty, that *I——d* was vaſtly improv'd, as to Elegance of Taſte, in her Gentry, as to eating and drinking: That they underſtood Muſick, infinitely better than their Anceſtors; that they dreſt vaſtly more agreeably than their ſtupid Grandmothers, and ſhew'd more good Senſe in the nice choice of their Suits, and the Fancy and richneſs of their Cloaths, as well as the modeſt way of imitating naked *Eve*, in wearing them, than the laſt Age did. I was aſſured alſo, that they danced inconceivably finer than ever; that their Races, and their Subſcriptions for them, quite ſurpaſt all Imagination; and that they gam'd deeper, and loſt their Guineas with more

more eaſe and politeneſs, even to Strangers and Sharpers, than their Fathers did their Shillings to one another. As to any other Improvements, and particularly as to Learning, Virtue, or Piety, (which probably were over-look'd in the Account) they poor famiſh'd Devils, cou'd tell me nothing of them.

PRIOR. You are very merry *Dean* with the madneſs of our Countrymen, but I fear by and by, I ſhall hear another Story, and be as melancholy with their Miſeries. However, as you deſire it, I ſhall give you a fair Account what theſe Improvements were, which made me think our poor Country was in a tolerable Way. And in the firſt Place, I ſhall mention our numerous and extended Turnpikes, which have been carried on with incredible Application and ſurprizing Expence in all Parts, and I had almoſt ſaid, brought to every Town, of the leaſt Name, or Conſequence in the Kingdom. Of what infinite Advantage this muſt prove to the Eaſe and Convenience of all Travellers, to the facilitating and promoting our inland Commerce, and the general Service of Trade, I need not tell you.

SWIFT. Ah, *Tom*, I know very well, if *I———d* had almoſt as many high Ways in it as the Ocean, what Advantages it would produce to us. This was one of the great Arts of the ancient *Romans*, who had prodigious Roads running thro' every Province, in a ſtrait Line to the Capital of the Empire. But Alas! We copy them in our boaſted Cauſeways, as we do in our Standing Armies, without having any real Buſineſs for either of them. I will for ſome Time, at leaſt, drop the delicate Subject of our Troops; but

but as to the other Point, I muſt ſay, I think it is a Curſe upon us, that we can't even copy a good Example (for bad Ones we do more adroitly) but we do it in a tricky dirty Manner, and with as many Deviations as we can. Why, doſt thou not know, *Tom*, what baſe filthy Jobs, Knaves, and Mean-ſoul'd Wretches have made, and do ſtill make of theſe magnified Turnpikes. I was once fix'd to write a Book of all the Cheats, and all the Reptiles, of what Quality or Station ſoever concern'd in them, but I found it would be ſo voluminous, that I left the Care of it to Poſterity, as one of the largeſt Branches of *Iriſh* Hiſtory, and Wiſdom. But to dwell as little on ſuch melancholy Diſgraces of our Country, as I can, I will chuſe only to hint to you, that fine Roads, without Travellers, and Stage-Coaches, without Paſſengers, are uſeleſs Things, that muſt ſoon be dropt; and without Manufactures, and proper Employment to ſet us at Work, can neither be for Uſe or Pleaſure. Indeed, if we had Trade, and the Roads were fairly finiſh'd, they might help it; but in the mean Time, methinks we are in his Caſe, who built the Mill, without knowing whence to bring Water to it, or where to procure Griſt for it. Nay, to make bad worſe, after ſo many Acts for Turnpikes, you cannot but know, *Tom*, that we want one general Act to make them all paſſable. I am loth to be too ſevere on them, and thoſe who make Pence by ſpoiling them; and therefore I will only ſay, paſſable for Footmen at leaſt; for as to Carriages, if they are allowed to be driven on ſome of theſe Roads, they will be the utter Ruin of each other. But as I am quite

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ſick of this, prithee *Tom*, let us go to ſome other Improvements of *Ireland*.

PRIOR. Why, the next I ſhall mention is one, which you cannot eaſily talk me out of, and that is, our prodigious Number of Converts; which, conſidering the Prejudices of a bigotted People, (envaſſaled to *Rome*, and Superſtition) exceeds all Belief. It is a Matter of the higheſt Conſequence to our Welfare, that we have ſo aſtoniſhing a Crowd of all Ranks, Fortunes, and Circumſtances that have come over to our Church, who were formerly our inveterate Enemies, and are now perfectly united to us, both in our religious and political Intereſts: This is not only a great diſcomfort, and weakening to the Popiſh Party, but a conſiderable Encouragement and Strength, to all who wiſh well to the Proteſtant Religion in *Ireland*. As the Papiſts are now quite depriv'd, of all Men of Fortune, Family or Character, that were capable of heading their Attempts, or forming their Schemes of any Sort; I have ever look'd on this Affair of our numerous Converts, as likely to contribute emnently to the Peace and Proſperity of this Iſland. By this means, thoſe ſpiritual Factions, which have often produced ſuch fatal Effects here, by Rebellions and national Maſſacres, will be utterly extinguiſhed, and both Conformiſts, Diſſenters and Papiſts, will in a little Time, live in as much Harmony and Good-Humour together; as if our Stateſmen had learn'd the Art of Father *Bouhours*'s Friend, who he tells us, had taught a Dog, a Cat, and a Mouſe, to eat quietly together.

SWIFT. The Diſſenters live in Harmony and good Humour! What, *Tom*, cannot even the Grave open your Eyes; as to thoſe Favourites of yours, the Diſſenters, after all the Pranks they have been playing of late, as if they had a mind to make good, all I ever writ againſt them: But keep your old kind Opinion of them, *Tom*, to your ſelf, for I ſhall not diſpute on it now, becauſe a few Years, and a few Facts, will ſhew you fully what they drive at, and ſo to that great Explainer Time, I leave them, unleſs you ſtart the Subject hereafter. As to our Converts which are our preſent Topick, I ſhall only ſay, when you conſider how they manage, whoſe Intereſts they eſpouſe, and who they herd with, you will not be too ready to vouch for their Sincerity, or build on their Friendſhip, eſpecially when their Converſion is brought about, by worldly Intereſts, and ſecuring their Eſtates. They remember, I fancy the Advice of *Alexander* the Great to the *Athenians*, who refuſed to own him for a God:

* *Videte Athenienſes ne dum Cælum cuſtodiatis, Terram amittatis,*

and therefore they take Care, not to ſacrifice their Lands and Tenements, to Opinions that are equally inconſiſtent and inconvenient. As for the Story of Father *Bouhours*'s Friend, I ſhall only anſwer it, with one of Father *Henepius*, who was a very honeſt Miſſionary, and had made ſome Converts among the *Indian*

* *Look to it* Athenians, *leſt whilſt you guard Heaven too cloſely, you ſhould loſe your Lands.*

Indian Savages. In the ſmall Number of thoſe he had brought over, he met with an old Woman, whom he had taken ſo much pains in inſtructing, that at laſt he had thoroughly convinc'd her; and having admitted his new Chriſtian to Baptiſm, he made her a preſent (and a very agreeable one to the Savages) of a Pound of Tobacco: In a few Weeks, (after behaving very well) this old Woman comes to Father *Henepin*, and tells him her Tobacco was gone, and begs of all Love, he wou'd give her another Pound, and ſhe wou'd then conſent to be Chriſtned anew. I will make no Application, *Tom*, but if any of your *Iriſh* Converſions, ſeem to bear ſome Reſemblance with this, as to their Motives and Conduct, I think you need not boaſt much of any Advantages, to be deriv'd from them.

Prior. I look on our Converts in a very different Light; Numbers of them are unqueſtionably ſincere; and if any of them may be juſtly ſuſpected, I am ſure their Children, and Grand-Children, will be actually as good Proteſtants, as any in *England*, where a few Generations ago, all were bigotted Slaves to *Rome* and Popery. Upon this Footing it is, that I will alſo reckon up to you, our Charter working Schools, as another great Improvement in *I*———*d*, and which gave me great Hopes of our drawing prodigious Advantages from them. The *Janizaries*, who are Sons of Chriſtians taken Captives in their Infancy, are not a greater Strength to the *Turks*, or a greater weakening to their Enemies, than theſe Children, will be to our Church and Kingdom. This is the ſureſt, and ſafeſt Method of ſtriking at the Root of the Popiſh Party,

in our divided Country; and will ſecretly and without Noiſe or Violence, or the Terror of Penal Laws, ſap and undermine their great Support their Numbers, and that old partition Wall of the *Iriſh* Tribes, and the *Engliſh* Families, and make us in Time but one People. There are few Counties in the Kingdom, that have not one, or more, Charter Schools eſtabliſh'd in them; and as the Children, I am told, are computed to near fifteen Hundred, and will probably in a few Years, amount to double that Number, I cannot but hope to ſee great Effects from this happy Inſtitution.

SWIFT. Why truly, *Tom*, in three or four Centuries, ſomething may be done; but Schools and Children are as ſlow a way of working, as ſowing Acorns, in order to raiſe Foreſts, for building Fleets and Cities. Beſides, the Funds allowed this noble Deſign, are ſo ſmall, as if they were ſubſcrib'd by Papiſts, in order to cramp it, and leſſen its Efficacy; whereas the Contributions ought to be as extended as its Views, and ſuited to the removal of our great national Defect, our religious Differences. Neither ought ſuch an important Scheme, to be left depending on Fits of good Humour, and the Yearnings of Charity, which are influenced ſo much by the Variations of popular Opinion, and Changes of Weather, and Times, and Seaſons. Withall I muſt tell you, *Tom*, that the whole Body of the Popiſh Clergy, have been ſo violent in oppoſing it, by denying the Communion and Abſolution, to all their Members, that ſend Children to ſuch Schools, and curſing it and them, with Bell, Book, and Candle, in all their Congregations, that I apprehend it will be yet harder, to get Children to

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fill the Schools, than even a Fund to maintain them there.

PRIOR. It muſt be owned the popiſh Clergy have done their utmoſt, to diſcredit and overturn this Deſign. This however, is a ſtronger Proof of the exceeding Uſefulneſs of it, than of their Prudence in thwarting it ſo violently, as they confeſſedly have done. However, as this is a Scheme which his Majeſty has ſo generouſly, and ſo warmly eſpouſed, I am the more inclined to believe, that from his Royal Protection, it will probably operate more expeditiouſly, than you imagine: And if theſe wiſe Prieſts will conſider, that if they go on to undermine theſe Plans of their Governors, it may force them to blow up at once, their whole Church Government, and oblige all Prieſts, on pain of High Treaſon, to take out all their Titles from the King, or Proteſtant Biſhops only, it may make them more cautious and moderate in their mighty Zeal. A Prieſt in *Ireland*, ſhou'd be as quiet, and as paſſive, as a Proteſtant Miniſter in *France*; and if once they are ſo, we ſhall ſoon find our Charter Schools more crowded than their Maſs Houſes, and their Parents, as manageable as their Children.

SWIFT. I am afraid their fixt Oppoſition to our Government may produce ſome wholeſome Statutes to curb their ill-judg'd Zeal; but if they behave with Decency, and a due Submiſſion to the Laws and the Government, I ſhou'd be ſorry to ſee any Severities thought neceſſary.

PRIOR. So ſhou'd I, and probably their own Prudence and Moderation may prevent it; and to that we may leave it. In ſhort, dear *Dean*, 'tis as eaſy removing this Evil, as drawing a looſe Tooth, if it gives us no Pain, there it may ſtay 'till it rots; if it does Pain us, and ſeverely too, out it muſt go, and let thoſe who give the Pain look to it. But I will drop this Subject, and go on to another conſiderable Improvement, that has of late Years been carried on with particular Emulation and Succeſs, and that is, the ſurpriſing Improvement in the Breed of both our black Cattle, and our Horſes. The firſt of theſe, we have taken uncommon Care about, by Importing great Numbers of the fineſt Bulls and Heifers, from *England*. It is true, the fatal Diſeaſe, that infected moſt of the horned Beaſts for ſome Years paſt in *Great Britain*, forc'd us to ſuſpend our Importations of them for ſome Time; but nevertheleſs, I will be bold to ſay, there are but few breeding Counties, on the other Side of the Water, which produce Cattle that excell thoſe, which are bred by a vaſt many of our Gentlemen, either as to Beauty, Size, Leather, or Milk.

As to our Horſes, it is confeſt by the beſt Judges, that by bringing over the nobleſt Stallions, and the higheſt bred Mares, we may boaſt of having raiſed the Character of both our Racers and Hunters to a ſurprizing Degree. We ſend over great Numbers every Year abroad and I am aſſured, that in the *French* King's Stables, they make as great a Figure, and are as much eſteemed, as thoſe of any Country in *Europe*, if we except *Great Britain*. Our Nobility and Gentry, are ſo paſſionately fond of keeping fine Studs, and the higheſt

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priced Cattle for Blood and Performance, that if they go on, as they have hitherto done, to lay out ſuch large Sums in indulging this Humour, we may in Time expect to pay Part of the dreadful Importation of *French* Claret, by our *Iriſh* Horſes.

SWIFT. I wonder you don't brag of our Importing Jack-Aſſes, and breeding Mules here, among your other mighty Nothings you boaſt of ſo magnificently. For my part, *Tom*, I ſee no great Advantage to the Service of *Ireland*, that a few private Gentlemen have improv'd the Breed of the horned Cattle. You may as well argue, that ſome of our *Iriſh* Senators marrying a few celebrated Toaſts for their Beauty, wou'd improve the natural homelineſs of the Commonality.

Indeed the Improvement made in the Breed of our *Iriſh* Horſes, I believe will grow very general, and have more enlarged Conſequences, among our People, as Racing favours ſome of their darling Paſſions, their Indolence and Idleneſs, Gaming and Drinking, and the helping our Fox-Hunters off, with their Time and their Fortunes, which I ever thought, two of the greateſt Burdens to our *Iriſh* Gentlemen in the World. If they wou'd turn themſelves, to breed Cattle to mount our Troops, or draw our Carriages, they might indeed ſave us 5000*l.* a Year, and do ſomething truly beneficial to our Country; but, *Tom*, they have Souls above the little Views of being uſeful; and managing their Expences, and keeping our Caſh in the Kingdom, are low Arts and Tricks, fitter for the mean Notions of a Merchant or a Mechanick, than Men of Fortune and Family, that are as proud and as thoughtleſs as ſo many noble *Spaniards*.

PRIOR. Well, *Dean*, in ſpite of all your Objections, I think I have nam'd ſeveral conſiderable Improvements, in our poor Country, which gave me Reaſon to ſay, ſhe was on the mending Hand; and I have not nam'd all, for the very encreaſe of our Numbers of late Years, is a vaſt Addition to our Strength, Credit, and Figure, as a Nation. I think the Dealers in Political Arithmetick, compute that every Nation, unwaſted by Famines, Wars, or Plagues, doubles the Quantity of its People in 250 Years; but I have ſeen Computations, that between our early Marriages, the Breedyneſs of our People, the Importations of our Neighbours, the Mildneſs of our Climate, and the Fertility of our Soil, evidently prove, that we have frequently doubled the Amount of our Inhabitants in half that Time. The Truth is, the matter of Fact is ſo inconteſtable, that I need not recollect all the Proofs, on which they ground their Aſſertion; but I ſhall only obſerve to you, *Dean*, that this is a very ſingular Advantage, ſince it is certain, that we out breed the *Jews*, and in ſpite of our Wars and Maſſacres, we ſeem to multiply like the *Polypus*, by being cut to Pieces.

SWIFT. Stuff and Nonſenſe! To tell me of our Numbers, when they only ſerve to multiply our Wretchedneſs and Miſeries: Does this prove us on the mending Hand, as you term it? Why you talk like a Phyſician, that wanted more Fees for doing nothing! 'Tis hard, *Tom*, you cannot be in the Right ſometimes, and ſpeak Truth now and then. Did ever Man before you boaſt of having Crowds of Beggars? And what

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are we elſe? For I verily think, tho' Sir *William Petty*, ſays, Nature never deſign'd above one in 500 to beg, by forcing them on the Charity of others, (thro' ſome Lameneſs, Crookedneſs, or other accidental Debility, that incapacitates them to Labour) that in *Ireland* one in ſeventy are Beggars, (at leaſt for the Summer Seaſon,) and ſixty of the Remainder incapable of relieving them, thro' their own Diſtreſſes. All the Advantages we have thro' the encreaſe of our Inhabitants, is, that for want of being employ'd, they furniſh us with Thieves, Pilferers and Sharpers, private Wenches, and common Whores, Cheats and Robbers, Pick-pockets, Gameſters, Tinkers and Vagabonds. We get alſo by this bleſſed means ſome Foundlings for our Hoſpitals, and Brats for our Charter Schools, Shoe-boys, and News Criers, and when they're grown up, Recruits for the holy Convents and Nunneries, and the wiſe and reverend Body of the Popiſh Prieſts. We have alſo the Advantage of able bodied Volunteers, for the Armies of our dear Allies the *French*; Shoals of Tranſports, that eſcape from the Gallows, to the Plantations abroad, and a ſuperfetation of Felons, to give a little Buſineſs to our Judges, Juſtices, and Hangmen at home, and to keep up an Appearance of our being govern'd like other Nations. How many Thouſands do we ſee, take their flight abroad every Year, like Birds of Paſſage, to ſearch for Food and Subſiſtance in other Countries? How many Thouſands never return again to us, no more than Priſoners to their Confinement, when they've broke looſe from their hard Fare, and their Fetters. I do not exaggerate in the leaſt; our Numbers, till we can give them Buſineſs at home, are as much a Curſe,

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and a Burthen as too large a Garriſon in a beſieged Town that wants Proviſions: If, as political Writers agree, the true Intereſts of any Country conſiſts in the Proſperity not of ſome, but of all the People in it; then I am ſure *Ireland*, with her boaſted Numbers, is in a bad way; as all her poor Popiſh Natives, or in other Words, three-fourths of her ſwarming Inhabitants, have neither Houſes, Cloaths, Work, Food, or Fire. This is a diſmal ſelf-evident Truth, that demands the ſerious Conſideration of every *Iriſhman*, that can think, or can learn to think. At the ſame Time, our Nobility and Gentry ſet their Lands exceſſively high, get their Rents paid to a Penny, have as little fear of Wars or Taxes as of Famines, and live as well (rambling, and ſquandering their Fortunes all over the World) as any People whatever; without one uneaſy Thought, as to the Circumſtances of thoſe Crowds of their Countrymen that are ſtarving here. The Truth is, few Men are ſick of other People's Ailments; and as theſe honeſt Gentlemen find themſelves quite at Eaſe, they can't think others are in Miſery. It puts me in mind, *Tom*, of the famous *La Bruyere*'s Account of a great Stateſman in *France*, who ſign'd an Arret, that wou'd have ſtarv'd ſome Millions of People; however, ſays he, in his ſarcaſtical way, he is to be excuſed, for how cou'd he, with his Stomach full of Meat, and his Head fuming with Wine, have any notion of a whole Province periſhing with Hunger? In other Countries, where ſome Care is taken to employ their Hands, and ſecure them Neceſſaries of Life, within the reach of their Labour, their Numbers are their Strength and their Happineſs; but here where no body thinks for us, and

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we are too ſottiſh or deſperate to think for ourſelves; our Numbers only increaſe our Misfortunes, like Lice on a diſeaſed and famiſh'd Beggar. Our common *Iriſh* are cloathed with Rags, that wou'd diſgrace a Dunghill in *Holland*; they live five Months in the Year without Food, unleſs you will call Potatoes and Salt by that Name; nay, they live without Houſes, unleſs Holes twice as big, and twice as dirty, as an *Engliſh* Hogſty, deſerve that Title, which they Build too, juſt for a Year, as Birds build their Neſts, and then away to another Place in the Spring. And to brag of our Numbers, in ſuch deplorable Circumſtances, is juſt as rational, as for a Miller to brag of having Thouſands of Rats in his Mill, tho' they are ſtarving and thieving, and ready to eat up one another, for a little more Room and Plunder.

Prior. Dear *Dean*, you are too ſevere, and have too imbitter'd a way of Speeching, on all Things relating to *Ireland*. I reckon the encreaſe of our Hands the greater Bleſſing, as the advancement of our Linen Buſineſs is likely in ſome Years, to find Employment for Crowds of our People; and conſequently to give them all the Conveniences, as well as the Neceſſaries of Life, in a reaſonable Plenty: The prodigious Progreſs which this uſeful Manufacture, had made among us, was alſo another Reaſon for my ſaying, I left *Ireland* on the Recovery, when I was call'd Home: It generally encreaſes about 20,000 *l.* per Ann. on an Average; and begins to ſpread ſo very faſt in *Leinſter*, *Connaught* and *Munſter*, that in a little Time we may hope to ſee many Thouſands of Families, which are now famiſhing, eaſy in their Circumſtances, and uſeful to

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their Country. We begin to be convinced, that our chief view herein muſt be to increaſe the Number of Acres ſowed with Flax-Seed, and the Spinners who Manufacture it; for if theſe were doubled (and with Care and Time they will be doubled) they wou'd ſoon enrich us, and employ many Hands, that are now a Burthen to us. 'Tis certain there is not by the faireſt Computation, over the fifteenth Part of our People employ'd at preſent in this Buſineſs; and it ought to be our great Care, to have as many buſied this way, in the other three Provinces, as there are in *Ulſter*. Twenty Thouſand Acres of Flax will furniſh us with Materials enough, to keep an eighth part of our People employ'd; and as we neither want Ground enough to ſupply us with ſufficient Quantities of excellent Flax, nor Hands to work it up, if we wou'd uſe them; there is little doubt, but by proper Laws, if we can get them, and well judg'd Premiums, if we are allowed them, we ſhall ſoon ſee this bleſſed Affair eſtabliſh'd. There is no danger of growing too large a Quantity of Flax, or of manufacturing too large a Stock of Linen; the demand for them is ſo conſiderable already, and will encreaſe every Day, with our Skill and Induſtry in the Manufacture; and if we enlarge the Sallaries of our Lappers, and thereby ſecure the Credit of their Seals, it is probable, we ſhall outwork, and under ſell all our Rivals.

SWIFT. A very fine and a very plauſible Acoount of Things; but do you know, *Tom*, of no Objection againſt this promiſing Calculation of yours? Are there no Fears to ballance theſe growing Hopes, and mighty Proſpects?

PRIOR.

PRIOR. None that I know of, Mr. *Dean*. I have exaggerated nothing, but candidly repreſented the true State of this Manufacture; nay I ought to have added to it, the flouriſhing State of our Cambricks in *Ulſter*, and particularly at *Dundalk*; where we have as happy an Example ſet us in the North, as a certain Baronet, and Friend of mine, has given us in the South; what our Nobility and Gentry can do to help us, when they Employ an enlarged Fortune, and an improv'd Underſtanding, in advancing our Manufactures, and labouring to enrich and enliven our Country. I might juſtly have brought in alſo, the reaſonable Hopes we have, that our Hempen Manufactures, may in a few Years, be ſo aſſiſted, as to enable us to give Wings to the Navy of *Great Britain*, and Shirts to her Seamen; to her great ſaving, and our equal Gain and Honour. By this means, the rich Lands in *Munſter* and *Connaught*, may be as happily employ'd, as the leſs fertile Fields, in the North; and have no Reaſon to Envy the ſuperior Induſtry and Wealth of their Neighbours: And then our Women, (who uſed to be the moſt uſeleſs Members of our Country, before they diſtinguiſh'd themſelves in our Linen Buſineſs,) wou'd have a new Opportunity given them, to ſhew themſelves the beſt, and the moſt induſtrious Creatures in it.

SWIFT. I think, *Tom*, we may ſpare our Compliments to the Women, now we are dead, who paid ſo little Regard to them while we were living. But to paſs by that, I muſt tell you, I have let you go on a long while, without contradicting you on this favourite Article, which I always think on with ſatisfaction, as it is

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the ſtaple Commodity of this Iſland, and the chief Support of our Poor. But you ſhou'd act the Part of one of thoſe faithful Lappers you were talking of, and put the worſt part of their Cloth Manufacture outmoſt, and then Matters wou'd wear a very different Aſpect. Do you conſider what a dangerous Rival *Scotland* has been, and is likely more and more every Day to prove, to this miſerable Country; and with how much eaſe ſhe may exert her Jealouſy againſt us, to the cramping, or poſſibly, to the blaſting all our Hopes. Do you reflect, how ſhe may reduce you to the precarious Dependance of ſending over every Seſſions a Linen Bill; and to hold the very Subſiſtance of our Manufactures, or in other Words, the Life of *Ireland*, by her ſole Will and Pleaſure.

Prior. I have often heard this Objection ſtarted, but never thought there was Danger enough in it to deſerve an Anſwer, becauſe I am convinced, it is equally falſe and abſurd. *Great Britain* knows and feels, that the improving theſe Manufactures here, is of vaſt Service to her, as it weakens her Enemies, and ſtrengthens her Friends; and that all ſhe pays us with one Hand, is quickly repaid by us into the other. *Scotland* alſo knows, that there is a vaſt demand for all the Linens ſhe and *Ireland* can work up; and that *England* alone conſumes above the Value of a Million, imported by Foreigners, more than ſhe and *Ireland* can ſupply her with: She knows therefore, that there is no Cauſe for Rivalſhip, and if there was, ſhe wou'd exert herſelf to diſcourage the Manufactures of Foreigners, before ſhe wou'd attempt to ruin a Siſter Nation, ſo cloſely united to her in the great Cauſe of Religion

Religion and Liberty, and all the weighty Intereſts that tie Nations together. This is ſo evedent, ſo ſacred a Truth, that I am ſo far from being jealous of Oppoſition and Rivalſhip from that Quarter, that I am confident of all that Aſſiſtance and Encouragement to our Linens, which has been ſo often promiſed from *Great Britain*, and made good to us, by the repeated Orders of our Kings; and not only by the Speeches of our Lords Lieutenants, but by the moſt uſeful Laws from the Throne. Nay, I doubt not, if by any evil Arts of our Enemies, any diſtreſs or obſtruction, ſhould hereafter be procured to our Manufacturers; we ſhou'd find on a candid Complaint of our Injury, an immediate Redreſs from that honeſt Spirit, which ever regulates the *Engliſh* Councils, and makes them deteſt tricky Politicks, as much as open Oppreſſion, and has ever inſpired them with a noble Zeal, to aſſiſt and protect the righteous Cauſe of Truth, Induſtry and Liberty.

SWIFT. It may be ſo! very likely——but poſſibly, *Tom*, her aid might come too late for our Miſery; and we might cry out, like the poor *Roman* Knight *Lancia*, who bawl'd out for help, when the Pile he was laid on, was all in Flames, and his Friends could do him no Service. Beſides, *Tom*, not to mention that your riſing Manufacture fell laſt Year 132,000 *l.* Have you not heard how your laſt Linen Bill, was ſo miſerably mutilated, that it was forc'd to be dropt; and that the Nation was fobb'd off with a ſenſeleſs Tale of a ſleepy heedleſs Clerk; which if you have not heard, I can give you a full Account of.

PRIOR.

PRIOR. There is no Occaſion, for I am quite convinced there was no ſuch Deſign. Do you think it poſſible, that Men of high Characters for Honour and Candour, Juſtice and Integrity, cou'd ſport in ſo infamous a Manner with the Fate of Nations, and the very Bread and Being of a free, a brave, and a loyal People? Can you ſuppoſe, ſuch a Perſonage as was then watching over our Welfare, wou'd from an univerſal Reputation, for every great and good Quality, turn in an inſtant to a barbarous *Caligula*, and Wiſh to cut off a whole Kingdom at a Blow? Abſurd and impoſſible! 'Tis not only reflecting on our Governors, baſely and falſely; but in ſome Meaſure on the beſt of Princes too; ſince it is impoſſible we cou'd be ſubtily and inſidiouſly betray'd by the one, without being ſecretly doom'd to Ruin by the other. Now this, Mr. *Dean*, is a Conduct ſo utterly oppoſite to his royal Nature and Character, who now gives Glory to the *Britiſh* Throne; that I am perſuaded, he is incapable of acting ſo to his moſt perfidious Enemies, and much leſs to the moſt zealous and faithful Subjects in the World.

SWIFT. Well, well, *Tom*, 'tis no Time for us to be quarrelling about Reports and Stories. But now you have done with whitening the Sepulchres of *Ireland*, give me leave to ſhew you honeſtly, and without Flattery, the Dirt and Stench, the Corruption and Rottenneſs that lurks within. Now,

Audi alteram Partam.

I will ſhew You———

PRIOR.

PRIOR. Hear me out firſt, for I am ſo far from having done, that I have not yet even touch'd on all the Advantages that our Country has received, from the *Dublin* Society's Premiums; which was one of my chief Reaſons, for having conſider'd *Ireland* as upon the Recovery, when I went under-ground like a Tortoiſe, to be raiſed again when the Summer comes, after a long Sleep. I need not be very particular on ſo known and confeſt a Fact, as the extraordinary Improvements they have made amongſt us, in a vaſt Variety of Articles. We are told *Solomon*'s Writings were ſo extenſive, that he wrote from the Cedar of *Lebanon*, to the Hyſſop that groweth from the Wall; and really their Labours have taken in every Material, every Manufacture, and every Improvement of either of them, that had any claim to their Attention or Encouragement. We may ſay of their Funds, as *Laertes* does in *Hamlet*, 'as for my Means, I'll huſband them ſo well, they ſhall go far with little;' and it is certain there never was ſo much done, with ſo poor an Income, to remedy all our natural Indiſpoſition, to Labour, and Thought, and Induſtry; to rouſe up Thouſands who were aſleep, and ſet Numbers on contriving and working, who were dreaming and idling before; and to ſtop our People from runing abroad, by Wages and Buſineſs, and an hope of living to purpoſe at Home. They gave Premiums, to heighten the Manufacture and Dying of our Woollen Cloths; of our Silks, and our Velvets; of our Blankets; of our Worſteds; of our Cottons; of our Coffoys; Buffs, Lutherines and Fuſtians; of our Stockings, and our Carpets, with ſurpriſing Succeſs:

In our Husbandry they did Wonders also; as to Wheat and Barley; as to Liming, Marling, and Sanding of Land; as to planting of Hops, draining of Bogs; as to raising Liquorish, Saffron and Madder; and as to sowing of Turneps, Clover, St. Foil, Trefoil, and all Kinds of Grass Seeds. They improv'd by a well judged Emulation and proper Rewards, Numbers of our Husbandry Utensils: They set the Nation at Work, in Planting amazing Quantities of Timber Trees, Willows and Osiers for Hop Poles; in raising great Numbers of Orchards, and improving our making of Cyder, home made Wines, and Metheglins; as also in Brewing our Ale and Beer, and giving us Vinegar from our own Fruits, equal to the best in *France*. They raised the Manufactures of our finest Hats, to a surprising Degree; and they did the same by our Window Glass. and made so great a Progress in our Paper Business, and building of Mills for carrying it on, as if they had got the Mines of *Peru*, or the Industry of *China*, to assist them in their Undertakings.

Swift. Well, dear *Tom*, I suppose you have done now. I have finish'd a Sermon, on a better Subject twice as soon, and yet tir'd my People, God help them, before I had half done.

Prior. I see you don't relish the Transports of my Zeal on this Subject, which gives me such high Delight; so I shall mention but cursorily many Articles that remain, and shall pass by a Crowd in Silence, that well deserv'd my dwelling on them: What I shall begin the remaining part of my Catalogue with, is their exerting

exerting themſelves with ſuch Aſſiduity and Succeſs, in Teaching young Lads to Draw and Deſign ſkilfully; in ſetting up Competitions for the beſt Delf, Roan and Crockery Ware, for Erecting the beſt Glaſs Bottle-Houſes, for raiſing of Mulberry Trees, for making of Salt, for working the beſt Bone-Lace, and the beſt Imitation of it by the Needle: For the Encouragement of the beſt Needle-Works in Silk and Worſted; for the Advancement of thoſe lovely Arts Painting, Architecture and Sculpture; for encouraging Tapeſtry, and enlarging our Fiſheries: For improving the Tanning and Currying of our Leather, for the Diſcovery of Mines and raiſing of Ores, and for thoſe who ſhould annually Produce the beſt Invention in uſeful Arts and Huſbandry. In a Word, by turning themſelves every way, and applying their little Fund in different Years, to different Uſes and Subjects, they ſeem'd not only to Influence, but even to animate the Whole of our Cou ntry; to fire our Hearts, to enlighten our Minds, and ſtir and ſtrengthen our Hands; and by giving a new Turn to our Thoughts and Motions, to prepare us for yet greater Scenes of Induſty, when larger Helps cou'd be got to excite us to it. They have ſhewn us the vaſt Effects of a well directed Emulation, and what a few hundred annual Pounds, have already done, and can produce hereafter, by the honeſt Oeconomy and prudential Directions, of a zealous and judicious Body of Citizens, who Study the Good of their Country. They have alſo ſhewn us another undiſputed Truth, *viz.* That if their Fund was enlarg'd, the Good they wou'd do wou'd be proportionably encreaſed with it, and that little Wonders might be wrought in *Ireland*, by en-

livening the Arts, by Feeding the Hungry, by giving Feet and Hands to the Lame and Lazy, Eyes to the Blind or dim-ſighted, and raiſing the Dead and the Drouſy, to Life and Activity.

SWIFT. Go on, dear *Tom*, go on, with your Raptures and Enthuſiaſtical Reveries; but pray allow me to aſk you one plain Queſtion, what (if all you affirm be true) cou'd poſſibly hinder, this neceſſary, and indeed this important Enlargement of their Fund.

PRIOR. Why really, Mr. *Dean*, I cannot anſwer your Enquiry, without throwing one of the heavieſt Imputations on a Nation, which I wou'd have Died to ſerve effectually, and which I ſpent my Life in labouring to ſerve, in too narrow and ſtinted a Manner. It muſt be confeſt, too few of our Nobility or Gentry, ſhew'd that Generoſity of Soul to encreaſe the annual Income of the Society, by their Contributions, as might have been expected, from the Numbers of worthy Men among us, who do us real Honour. It is certain his Majeſty ſet the Nation a noble Example, by Aſſigning them a Charter, and allowing them an handſome annual Revenue out of his Treaſury; and what ſhou'd hinder Crowds of our worthieſt Noblemen and Gentlemen, of large Fortunes and Minds proportioned to them, to Subſcribe Ten or Twenty Pounds a Year, to ſo noble and ſo ſucceſsful a Scheme, is hard and perhaps painful to ſay: I am the more amaz'd at it, as they cou'd not but ſay, it wou'd have raiſed *Ireland* from Idleneſs to Induſtry, from Ignorance to Knowledge, from Contempt and Diſregard, to Honour and Credit; and wou'd not have left us in

fifty

fifty Years, an Idler or a Beggar, (which are but ſynonimous Terms) in the whole Kingdom. A Diſh or two ſav'd from their Tables, or a Bottle or two from their Revellings, an Horſe or two left out of their Stables, nay even a lac'd Coat, or a lac'd Livery ſunk: a Night of Gaming, a trifling Frolick, a Jaunt of Pleaſure deducted from their uſual Expences; or what is ſtill better, a Winter or two ſpent in doing Good on their own Eſtates, wou'd more than anſwer all: It is certain, that it is abſolutely incumbent on every Gentleman, I will not ſay that loves *Ireland*, but that loves himſelf and his Family, to do his beſt to aſſiſt ſo happy a Scheme, ſo diſtinguiſh'd a Society, with his Purſe, his Head and his Hands, if he knows how to uſe any of them. Nay, they ſhou'd extend the ſame Methods, and the ſame Premiums, to their ſeveral Provinces, Counties and Cities, for the particular Arts and Manufactures, that are likelieſt to thrive there: And if they diffuſed them to their own Eſtates, Manors and Tenants, it wou'd in Time with Patience and Management, produce vaſt Effects, and a ſtrange Revolution in our Circumſtances, Cuſtoms and Manners. Theſe are Thoughts worthy of Men, of Chriſtians, of Free-born *Britons*, and rational Creatures! worthy to be planted and nurſed in every honeſt Breaſt, and to be ſpread as univerſally, as the Air we breathe, and the Bounds of Nature and the World. He that has them, and feeds and cultivates them in his Soul, and brings them into common Life and Action in his Country, has a better Claim to the Love of his Maker, or Fellow-Citizens, than if he had founded Empires, or diſcover'd new Worlds.

SWIFT. Very well, *Tom*—but pray will Mankind agree to these fine Doctrines, or will they not rather despise or ridicule them, as a little on the Romantick.

PRIOR. If the Lazy, the Vicious, and the Selfish laugh at such Notions, and look on such Plans of Things, as Dreams and Visions; the Active, the Virtuous, and the Disinterested, know their real Worth, and wish and labour, to have them spread as widely and as forcibly among Men, as Vices corrupt; and Plagues destroy. I and some others did our best, to propagate such ways of thinking and acting here; but I fear we might to as much Purpose, have admonish'd the modern *Italians*, to imitate the Courage, Zeal and publick Spirit of the antient *Romans*, for I did not find, that we made many Converts to our Opinions. However, Charity makes me think, that what chiefly hinders our Gentlemen from acting right, and making such Thoughts the great Rules of their Conduct; is the dread of being Singular, and the unmanly fear of envious Tempers. They apprehend being traduced or sneer'd at, by the common Herd of Mankind for their insolent Zeal, and their daring to set up to serve others, and improve their Countrymen, and therefore they decline it. It is odd how any good, not to say any great Mind, can be over-aw'd by so mean a Modesty, by so poor a Terror, as the Censure or Malice of those he labours to serve, and yet Hundreds (I speak from long Experience) are influenced by it. What makes me wonder the more at such Conduct, is, that I am persuaded Malice here below,

below, is not only deſign'd by the great Author of Good, as a Trial of our Virtue, to ſee if it is real and conſtant to the Touch, as the Goldſmith does his Metal by paſſing it thro' the Fire, but I cou'd even think Malice, is alſo a ſort of Reward to Virtue.

SWIFT. Bleſs us all, *Tom!* Malice a Reward to Virtue! that is ſomething new indeed, *Tom.*

PRIOR. It may be abſurd alſo, but I am ſometimes inclined to think it ſo, becauſe it generally encreaſes and exalts our Worth, and alſo as it frequently ſerves to make it appear with the greater Dignity and Glory, when the Malice of Envyers is vanquiſh'd or ſilenced. Beſides we often ſee it a direct Spur to noble Actions, and find it ſtimulates our Ardour to new advances; and when our Souls are firm enough, to ſmile at and even wiſh well to our Detractors, it ſwells the Heart with a nobler Joy, and an higher Delight, than even Virtue in any other Situation can give. But however that may be, I am ſure it is the chief Reward of Virtue in this World, and this Age. But to diſmiſs that Point, I muſt obſerve that it has often amaz'd me, to ſee how few Gentlemen I cou'd perſuade to exert themſelves, by proper Donations or Subſcriptions, to aſſiſt a Society that is ſo eminently uſeful to their Country.

SWIFT. I think you have accounted for it pretty well already, I will only add this plain Truth, that Men love their Money better than their Health, or their dear Bodies, to ſay nothing of their Souls. For

this Reaſon it is, that they don't Care for giving it to Schemes of Notions, and airy Views of Induſtry, and Improving of Nations; but they keep it for ſolid Subſtantial Things, their Racing and Gaming, their Hawks and their Hounds, their Cloaths and their Coaches, their Houſes and their Equipages, their Kitchens and Cellars, their Amours and Amuſements. They are ſo far from giving their Money to ſuch Projects and Views. that they will not even give their Thoughts or their Time to them, leſt they ſhou'd be miſlead, into the Plague of reading, and thinking, and reaſoning; of contriving the beſt Methods, of puniſhing the Idle, reclaiming the Vicious, or employing the Poor. Such troubleſome Methods, may prove the overthrow of Electioneering and Borough-buying, and their emboſom'd Thirſt for the pooreſt Power, the meaneſt Places, and the baſeſt Gain; and in a Word it wou'd be the Deſtruction, of all thoſe dirty Jobbs, that enrich private Rogues and beggar Nations. How, dear *Tom*, cou'd you expect ſuch diſſipated Minds, ſuch a liſtleſs pleaſurable Gentry, wou'd ever contribute a Thought, or a Shilling to improve *Ireland*, who won't improve one Thouſand Acres, to help their Children and feed their Families? Who will not even take the Trouble, or be at the Expence, to lay out Nurſeries for adorning their Eſtates, or plant out Groves and Woods, to make their Reſidence pleaſant to them; nay, who will not even Build good Manſion Houſes, or comfortable Offices for themſelves or their Poſterity? Wou'd ſuch unthinking unactive Mortals, ſubſcribe to Societies, or lighten their Purſes to eſtabliſh Premiums, who tho' they cou'd make themſelves and their Fortunes

eaſy,

eaſy, by a little Management, tho' they cou'd ſtarve their Diſeaſes by Temperance, and be an Honour to their Country, by a little Virtue and Dignity of Behaviour, will not think them worth their Attention. One ſhou'd never expect, mighty Efforts of Goodneſs or Greatneſs of Mind, from any Men, or even dream of moderate ones from *Iriſhmen*; or at leaſt whoever does, ſhou'd remember what the *Italian* ſays, 'He who lives on Hope dies of Hunger.' As there are few among us, *Tom*, who have exalted Minds, enlarg'd Underſtandings, or uncorrupted Hearts, join'd with a noble Contempt, for whatever can happen to us here, it is pretty evident, why their Subſcriptions were ſo few and ſo mean; for without theſe tranſcendent Qualities, 'tis hard to conceive how Men can truly love their Country, and be real ſincere Patriots. Numbers have Generoſity enough, to relieve a diſtreſt Family, to join for a Ridotto, to ſet up a Muſick Meeting, or an Aſſembly, or Subſcribe for a Week's Races; but they wou'd as ſoon contribute to the Building of Churches, or endowing Colleges for the Advancement of Learning, as to promote the Trade, the Tillage, the Manufactures, the Welfare of *Ireland*, by taxing their Pocket, or ſubſtracting from their Pleaſures. There is however one Excuſe, which I muſt plead for them, notwithſtanding all I have ſaid, and that is the too general Deſpair, of doing any Service to their Country, by ſuch Subſcriptions, the Remedy is ſo diſproportioned to the Diſeaſe. 'Tis, they think, like Sir *Joſeph Jekills*, leaving 30,000 *l.* by his Will, to help to pay off the National Debt, of eighty Millions.

PRIOR. That was a poor Excuſe indeed ; for a conſiderable Number of generous Subſcriptions, wou'd greatly relieve the Wants and Diſtreſſes of *Ireland*.

SWIFT. No more than a few Showers of Rain, wou'd quench the Conflagration, if the *Pyrenees* with all their Foreſts were on Fire, as we Read they once were. All the *Dublin* Society did, was to ſhew what we wanted, and to ſet an Example, of what might be done, to help our dreadful Ailments: But you might as well expect to work Miracles, and to feed Thouſands, like our Saviour, with a few Loaves, as to retrieve a Nation, by throwing a few Widow's Mites into the Treaſury. It is true, Nations, with their many Hands, make light Work ; but where can the Power be found, to animate and employ Millions, but in the Omnipotence of him who made them, or the force and weight of Monarchs, (the Repreſentatives of Heaven) who Rule and Govern them. All you and your Society cou'd do, was to ſhew you underſtood the miſerable Condition of *Ireland*, and to manifeſt your ſincere deſire to aſſiſt with ſome Care and Judgment in the Cure ; but you cou'd as well remove Mountains by your Faith, as the Ills we groaned under, by ſo adequate a Remedy, as your impoveriſh'd ſtinted Fund.

PRIOR. Why you will make me loſe all Patience, Mr. *Dean !* Do you think becauſe I have laid aſide Fleſh and Blood, that I can bear any Thing ? Did not I lay before you, a long delightful Account, of al-

moſt

moſt infinite Services which the Society did *Ireland*, in improving old Manufactures, or introducing new Ones; in advancing our Huſbandry, in encouraging every Art and every Branch of Induſtry? As I am now a truly rational thinking Creature, I wou'd not willingly loſe my Temper, but I ſolemnly declare, that the Rules the Society preſcrib'd, and the Labours they ſet on Foot, the Fields which they ſow'd or they planted, the Houſes they got Built, the Rivers they bank'd in, the Bogs which they drain'd, the Marſhes they laid dry, and the Lands they gain'd from the Ocean, have alter'd the very Nature and Face of the Country, and chang'd even the Air and the Climate for the better!

SWIFT. Stuff, Nonſenſe, Madneſs! One wou'd think you were alive ſtill, *Tom*, by your furious flouriſhing on Nothing, or Trifles next to nothing. The Nature and Face of the Country alter'd, and even the Air and the Climate chang'd for the better! Have you a Mind to talk my Reaſon away, or make a Jeſt of my zeal for Truth? This is the old way of prating and vaunting in *Ireland*, that uſed to make me, and every Friend to it ſick of ſuch unmeaning Declamations. We are ſuch Fools as ever to be bragging of our Soil and our Linens, our Wealth and our Plenty, our Weather and our Climate, as if we ſtrove to bring over a greater Crowd of *Engliſh* Refugees hither.

PRIOR. Refugees! dear *Dean*, how can you indulge ſuch an Acrimony of Speech? That is not only an invidious, but a ſarcaſtical and barbarous Expreſſion.

SWIFT.

SWIFT. Not a whit. I ſpeak only of ſuch as come over to us, for their Love to Religion, for the hope of Liberty of Conſcience, whatever they believe, or Preferments in the Church, whatever they Practice, or to avoid Perſecution from Men arm'd with Power and the Laws, the Rapaciouſneſs of Creditors, and the Inſolence of Sheriffs and Bailiffs, and to live at peace here, with quiet Minds and eaſy Circumſtances. This is a true Notion of a Refugee, and I think ſuch People come over faſt enough without ſuch oſtentatious Proclamations to give them new Encouragements: My Conduct always took a different Turn, and if I had liv'd a little longer, I had wrote a Treatiſe to prove *Ireland*, the moſt inhoſpitable and barbarous of all habitable Iſlands, and the very Piſs-pot of the Weſtern World. I even made it a Rule to rail at it all I could, to frighten ſuch People from coming hither, leſt hearing there was Corn in the Land, ſhou'd invite them over to eat it up, while we were kept Starving. You pretend to take Offence at my Expreſſions, but I ſee plainly, what vext you was, becauſe forſooth I reflected with ſome Spleen, on your little huckſtering Society, with its two-penny Rewards and three-penny Premiums, for going any ſilly Errands you ſent People on; and ſo in mere Contradiction you make them reform our Heaven and our Earth, and mend our very Climate and the Face of Nature. For my part as to the Face of Nature and the Country, I know no great Alterations, but the ſhaving her Beard cloſe, and cutting down all her Woods, ſo that we now pay 40,000 *l.* per Annum for imported Timber.

Whe

When I was an Inhabitant of this lower World, I remember I lov'd the Country well enough in the Summer Seaſon; but I cou'd not bear to ſpend much Time in it, as I never cou'd Walk or ride in a ſingle Field, that did not put me in a Paſſion, either to ſee it as wild as ever Nature left it after the Mud of the Deluge; or at leaſt not ſo much improv'd as it might be, if the Owner had common Senſe or common Induſtry. What ever enrag'd me moſt was, that tho' ſuch Fellows I knew by Experience, wou'd venture their Limbs or their Necks for a Guinea, yet they had not the Skill to make Five Pounds more of their Ground than they got by it, tho' a little Labour and Art wou'd have done the Thing. When I look'd on my Airings on the wild Waſtes of rich Lands unbuilt and untill'd, I ſigh'd for the want of Houſes and Tenements, of Welders and Plows; and when after ten Miles riding, I found ſome lame Attempts after ſuch Things, I was ſtill more vex'd to ſee our Cabbins, and what we call'd our Corn Grounds, no more reſembling the Buildings and Tillage of *England*, than an Ape does a Man. I really don't expect that *Ireland* will ever be properly improv'd, till the *Millennium* makes the whole Earth a Paradiſe; and then after a long Struggle between Heaven and Nature, we may chance to come in for a ſhare; tho' at preſent Heaven is ſo little minded here, as to Churches or Chapels, or national Piety, that I don't wonder to ſee the Land running into a Deſart every Hour, fill'd with Beaſts and a few Savages.

PRIOR.

PRIOR. I ſee, *Dean*, you have not forgot your old way of thinking and ſpeaking. It is well there is no Pen and Ink, or Printing allow'd under Ground; or elſe we ſhou'd have old work below Stairs——

Sub Terris tonnuiſſe putes——

As the witty Claſſick expreſſes it.

SWIFT. If there was, I wou'd raiſe a little Earthquake yet in this Kingdom. But I have not forgot, *Tom*, nor I cannot yet forgive your ſtrange Rant of improving the very Climate in *Ireland*. If it was, I wou'd not curſe it, as *Harry* the Eighth's Fool did the fine Weather, for taking all the good Company abroad from him, but I ſhou'd rail at it and you for another Cauſe; for fear of bringing us better Company than I deſire in *Ireland*. I muſt confeſs honeſtly, that our Winter begins very late, and hardly appears till about the End of *December*, and is gone before the beginning of *February*. But then it muſt be own'd, that we have but very little Spring, unleſs it be of Graſs and Weeds; and that our Autumn laſts but very few Weeks, without any Harveſt to gather in, but a little pittance of Corn and ſome half made Hay; and as for our Summers (as we call them) they come as it were by Chance, now and then one, when *Spain* and *Italy* have done with them. Nay, even then, we only get them, as Servants do their ſurfeited Maſters broken Meals; half hot, half cold, in little Scraps and Morſels that do us no Good. In ſhort, *Tom*, a Summer in *Ireland* when it wanders thither,

thither, is of as little Service as fair Weather in *Greenland*, where nothing is the better for it, but vaſt Swamps and Savannahs and a wild waſte of Plains and Mountains, a few rational Brutes that dwell in Caves and Holes of the Rocks, and a parcel of Hares and Deers, which they live tollerably on, while they have Light enough to hunt them. And to talk of mending our Climate, where nothing but a general Conflagration can dry the Land, or purge the Dampneſs of our unelaſtick Air, is as abſurd as the Philoſophers Sun-dial in the Grave. Ah, *Tom*, I was always a very Atmoſpherical Creature; and often have the Rains of *Ireland* ſunk my Spirits, and made me envy thoſe happy Climates, where the Natives toaſt in the Sunſhine, till they almoſt grow tir'd of it, and rejoice for Rain and bad Weather, like ſo many Hackney Coachmen.

But as I hope you have done with all your mighty Reaſons, for thinking *Ireland* on the mending hand, I expect you will indulge me now, while I give you mine, why I think her in a very dangerous declining Situation.

PRIOR. With all my Heart, provided you will allow me the Priviledge of a free Conference, and bear with my oppoſing, whatever I think is wrong in your Aſſertions, and let me canvaſs your Opinions where I want Information or Proofs. I came to call on you, in order to Talk over all that I thought dangerous or diſtreſsful, in our preſent Circumſtances and our future Proſpects; and to conſider what hope we can ſtrike out of Relief or Comfort, for this neglected People and Country; and I promiſe before hand,

hand, I ſhall not contradict you in any Thing, where you do not force me to it, by an over-bearing Zeal, or a querulous Temper.

SWIFT. A fair Preliminary, to which I readily Subſcribe. Now the firſt Reaſon, *Tom*, why I have uneaſy fears for our Country, and for my having little Expectation of mending her Circumſtances is, the utter abſence of all Induſtry and Frugality among us. There is no other Remedy for a thoughtleſs Nation, which gets little or nothing from others, but ſaving all it can; and being frugal in proportion to its Indolence and Poverty. This is a ſelf-evident Truth, and yet our Nobility and Gentry ſpend in Vanity and Luxury, treble as much as Men of twice their Fortune in *England*, tho' they do not half the Good among their Tenants, and neither ſpend half the Time or Money with them, or take half the pains to improve them, while they every Year encreaſe their Rents, and our Beggars: 'Tis diſmal to make the poor Tenant give the full Tale of Brick, tho' we give them no Straw, and that we ſtarve them, by ſending our Money abroad for foreign Commodities, to feed our Extravagance, and gratify our Madneſs for importing Fopperies; tho' we hurt our Families for the preſent, and ruin our Poor for ever, who dare not ſet up Manufactures they know will not be worn. Surely in a Kingdom where no body looks to his own Affairs, as they are connected with the Publick, 'tis Time the Publick ſhou'd look to every Bodies. What a melancholy Proſpect is it, to ſee fine Cloaths, fine Equipages, fine Race Horſes, fine Laces, fine Diſhes, deep Play and deep Drinking, the Glory and delight

of

of our People of Faſhion; and Eaſe, and Sloth, and Sleep, and Potatoes, the chief Joy of our Lifeleſs neglected Natives. Is not ſuch a Nation like a Ship ſet on Fire on one end, and ſinking by a thouſand Shot-holes and Leaks at the other? If we were a little frugal, we might the better bear the Loſs we undergo by our Idleneſs and Inactivity; but when our Gentlemen ſacrifice ſo much to their Pleaſures, and our Ladies to their Finery, both which they wiſely ſeek for from foreign Productions, we muſt be undone unleſs we prevent our Deſtruction, by reſolving to Work and be buſy. There is no Alternative——, one of theſe two Things we muſt do; we muſt either be leſs Mad for the Manufactures and Products of other Nations, or we muſt enlarge our Induſtry, and make Repriſals thereby on our Neighbours, in order to keep our People alive and eaſy while they are Living. Poſſibly I may have ſaid this before, *Tom*, and probably I ſhall ſay it again, for a full Heart and a troubled Mind, is apt to deal in Repetitions, when they grow almoſt deſperate, and ſee little hope of a Change for the better.

Prior. Dear *Dean*, I own I ſhou'd be glad to contradict you, as to theſe diſmal Repreſentations of Things; but I have learn'd ſince I left a falſe World, to love Truth, tho' it be ever ſo ſtrong againſt us, or puts us and our Actions in ever ſo bad a Light. It is too certain Induſtry and Frugality are the two great Sources of Proſperity in all Nations; and it is a mortifying Reflection to conſider what a miſerable Share we have in either of them here. 'Tis as certain if we be Frugal and Induſtrious, we muſt be

eaſy and happy, as that we muſt be wretched and miſerable, if we continue our Love to Expence and our hatred to Labour. Nay Frugality and Wealth, which is the Conſequence of it, will not do, unleſs we are diligent Workers too; for *Spain* is a Proof, and ſo is *Portugal*, that even Hoards of Money will not enrich a Nation, unleſs their Gold is uſed to promote Induſtry among the meaner Sort, and to raiſe their Thoughts above Sleep, and Rags, and Dirt, and Inactivity.

SWIFT. Very true, *Tom*, and indeed one wou'd hope unleſs Heaven has irrecoverably doom'd us to Deſtruction, there are ſufficient Remains of common Senſe and Honeſty left among our Countrymen, to new form our Manners in theſe Regards, and improve their ways of Thinking and Acting. In ſuch Caſe, they may in two or three Centuries learn to believe, Frugality and Induſtry, Arts and Manufactures worth encouraging, and their Luxury and Debauchery, and an utter Abſence of all Regard to the Publick, worth Reforming. It is a ſhocking Truth to ſay all this wou'd be done, if Men wou'd but own themſelves oblig'd, and wou'd therefore reſolve to behave, like reaſonable Creatures: And yet this is a Point as hard to bring about, as if we were arguing with *Hottentots*, and perſuading *Tartars* to forbear publick Plunders, and to have ſome regard to Right and Wrong, and the real Happineſs and Miſery of themſelves and their Poſterity.

PRIOR. I agree with you entirely, Mr. *Dean*, and indeed if we cou'd cure our national Ailments by

by Writing and Speaking, as People who profeſs removing Diſorders, by Words and Charms, what you and I and ſome others have Publiſh'd, might have done the Work: But alas! preſſing Induſtry and Frugality on many of our People, who have been train'd up to Sloth and Squandering, is but of equal Efficacy with preaching up Temperance to Sots, or Cleanlineſs to Negroes, when their Habits and Vices are all againſt you. The Church of *Rome* has plac'd *Purgatory* in the North-Weſt of *Ireland*, which was then one of the remoteſt wildeſt Parts of the Earth; and tho' I have reaſon to believe, they now Wiſh, they had removed it ſomething more out of View, yet I am ſure there is no Part of the Globe, ſo fit a *Purgatory* for Sloth as *Ireland*, or where People ſo generally pay St. *Paul*'s Penalty for not Working, by not Eating.

SWIFT. If due Care was taken, this natural Supineneſs of our lower People, might be ſoon turn'd into Activity and Vivacity, by letting them ſee and feel the Sweets of Labour, and convincing them by Fact and Experience, that when once the Poor are made induſtrious, they turn all they Touch to Gold, like *Midas*'s Fingers of famous Memory. As to our ſleepy Countrymen, I cannot but ſay that it is a Pity, where Men are commanded to give one Day of the Week, to doing nothing but Acts of Piety, they don't regard the other Part of the Law, and labour the other Six. This at leaſt ſhou'd be the Magiſtrates, and the human Legiſlator's Buſineſs; but really there is no Law made, nor Care taken about it, but every Body overlooks this plain neglected Truth,

that Men ought to be as accountable to the Magiſtrate, for their Time as their Actions, and as puniſhable for waſting it. But our *Iriſh* ſeem actually to have miſtaken the divine Commandment, and it is well their Prieſts did not leave it out of the Decalogue, as they did the Second. They manage, as if they thought God had bid them be idle ſix Days of the Week, and Work but one, and very moderately on that one. I have often met in Authors, and think the Aſſertion true, that the very Genius of the Popiſh Religion indiſpoſes Men to Labour; as we ſee by their numerous Holidays, Feaſts and Faſts: All which are direct Enemies to Toil and Handy-craft, and make the returns to Work diſagreeable. It is undoubted that the Proteſtants out Trade and out Work the Papiſts; they have (as all obſerve) fewer Beggars, they have fewer Drains from their Induſtry, by thoſe who ſleep away their Lives in Colleges and Nunneries; they maintain a much ſmaller Number of ſecular Prieſts, and even to thoſe, they do not prohibit Marriage, and to ſay no more at preſent, thoſe lazy Drones the Friars of ſo many different Orders, are Cankers and Conſumptions quite unknown to their Conſtitution. In moſt Proteſtant Countries, more than ordinary Attention, for good political Reaſons, has been given to this great Point. In *Holland* all are employ'd, even the lettred World deal in Traffick and are Merchants; nay the Deaf, the Lame, the Blind, the Dumb, and the very Dead Work.

PRIOR. The Dead Work! That is a Flight extraordinary ſure, Mr. *Dean*, and I muſt call on you to retract that Miſtake.

SWIFT.

SWIFT. Not at all; for tho' that Truth is a little incomprehenſible in *Ireland*, where we have no ſuch Incitements, in *Holland* the Statues and Monuments of their uſeful and induſtrious Citizens, and the Epitaphs and Praiſes on them, prompt and inflame the living to emulate them, and puſh on their Virtue to excell, in every Art, and open every Road to Profit and to Glory. When I was throwing away (like other People) my Thoughts and my Time above Ground, I uſed often to think on theſe Matters; and I fear to as little Purpoſe as we talk of them now. However I muſt ſay, *Tom*, that tho' if our rich People would think and grow Managers, and our Poor wou'd Work, and keep their Hands and their Children buſy, nine tenths of our Evils wou'd be remov'd, yet I am convinc'd, neither of theſe important Points will be minded, till we are forc'd to get better Notions of Things, by ſeeing the Nation ruin'd by the want of them, as often as a Boy at School is whipt for playing the Truant, before he will mend.

PRIOR. Ruin is as terrible a Remedy, as a deadly Sickneſs is a Reformer; and I had rather hope that ſumptuary Laws againſt Dreſs, Racing, Gaming, *&c.* if we were Wiſe enough to make them, and amendable enough to mind them when made, wou'd do our Buſineſs much better. 'Tis a Misfortune for *Ireland*, that our Spendthrifts ſo often run out their Lives and their Eſtates together, and ſo their Examples are loſt on us; for I ever thought it a Pity, they ſhou'd not live forty or fifty Years in beggary, their own Lives are ſuch a Torment to them, and

they become thereby ſuch fine Scare-crows, to our young unthinking Squanderers, when they ſee them all the while, ſtanding as it were in a kind of Pillory. Nothing keeps the *Dutch* ſo frugal as their Loads of high Taxes, for ſome good Author, (and I think 'tis your old Friend Sir *William Temple*) tells us, one cannot have a Diſh of well dreſſed Fiſh at a Tavern in *Holland*, without paying near thirty Gabels for it. We want ſome Remedy for our Extravagancies of all Kinds greatly, but this is ſo ſhocking a one, that one wou'd hope the very fear of it might cure us, as ſome Men have renounc'd their Intemperance, by their dread of the Gout and the Doctor. Without ſome ſuch helps, our fine Gentlemen ſeem not inclined to learn or conſider, that we ſhou'd ſave immenſe Sums to our Country, if we eat Corn of our own ſowing, drunk home-made Wines of our own Brewing, fed on Fiſh of our own catching, burn'd Coals of our own raiſing, and wore no Cloaths that were not of our own manufacturing. If they were once convinced of this, good Effects wou'd follow, and we ſhou'd ſoon acknowledge that it is barely owing to our own Extravagance, Thoughtleſneſs, Sleepineſs, Drunkenneſs and Vanity, that we don't, with one Voice, condemn and renounce ſuch evident Errors, in our national Conduct, and fix on their Remedies.

SWIFT. This *Tom*, is merely dreaming of a publick Cure for an epidemical Diſtemper, as *Curtius* ſays *Ptolomy* did; but we ſhou'd not only get our Gentlemen, to think for the Nation and themſelves; for we want ſevere Laws to cure the Lazineſs and Indolence of our lower People. As Idleneſs is the great

great Source of Theft, picking and filching, the natural Puniſhment of at leaſt all ſmaller Criminals, ſeems to be hard Labour for Life, or Years. We ſee in *France* and *Spain* they man their Gallies this way, and in *Sweden* and *Denmark* they employ them in their publick Works, and chiefly about their Shipping and their Docks. No Puniſhment cou'd be more terrifying to an *Iriſhman*, who we generally think is averſe to Labour; none cou'd be more uſeful to our diſtreſſed Land, where we loſe more People by doing Nothing, than are deſtroy'd by the Wars and Conqueſts, the Voyages and Traffick of other Kingdoms. On this Account we ſhou'd take Care, that Idlers, Beggars and vagabond Strollers, ſhou'd be treated with the Sharpeſt Rigour, as they do not only deny to aſſiſt their Country by their honeſt Endeavours, but live like Drones on the Spoil of the Induſtrious. It ſhou'd be a Maxim in every well governed State, but eſpecially in *Ireland*, that Idleneſs ſhou'd be as ſeverely puniſh'd as petty Larceny; and to beg with an Ability to Work, ſhou'd be regarded and treated as a Kind of training up Youth for Stealing, (when they have learn'd the proper Cant and Tricks of their Apprenticeſhip) and conſequently to relieve a Vagabond, ſhou'd be as faulty and as corrigible as receiving ſtolen Goods. The proper Place for the Relief of ſturdy Beggars, is a good County Work-houſe, where the Labours of ſuch Vagabonds (and indeed of all Criminals till they are Tried and Diſcharg'd) ſhou'd go to the Maintainance of ſuch Poor, who are utterly incapable of Work, and whoſe Pariſhes can't ſupport them.

PRIOR. I am quite in your way of Thinking on this Subject, Mr. *Dean*, I remember Doctor *Bafire* in his Life of Biſhop *Coſin*, tells us that in ſeveral Years Travels in *Turky* and *Holland*, he never once met a Man who aſk'd him an Alms; ſo that here we ſee the Wiſdom of the State may have the ſame Effect with the Laws of God among the *Jews*, which prohibited any Beggar to be a Burthen, or a Diſgrace to their Tribes. Charity to Vagabonds is Cruelty to the State, which is intereſted as the Civil Law, and our own Statutes ſpeak, that every Member of the Community, ſhould uſe his Labour and his Subſtance, to the beſt Advantage. Every Stroller or Vagabond is a Loſs to the Kingdom, and is little better than a licenc'd Plunderer of our People, and every ſuch Perſon, is really a living Inſtance of Neglect or Ignorance in thoſe, who ſhou'd give us by Law a proper Power and Place, to force him to earn his Bread by his Hands. Whoever has Health and wants Food, ſhou'd be oblig'd to Work one way or other, for if Idleneſs was always puniſh'd by our Statutes with ſevere Labour, as ſurely as Felony is by Death, it would then like Thieving be confin'd to the Night, and we ſhou'd be at leaſt good Day Labourers. The Strength of the political Body, depends as much on its Members being properly exerciſed, as that of the natural, and on the Neglect of it, infinite Diſorders follow. But alas, *Dean*, this is not enough attended to in *Ireland*, or we ſhou'd have Work-Houſes in every County, but we have the peculiar Misfortune of having this dreadful Mixture in our Circumſtances, that we have all the Vices, Extravagancies, and Luxury

ury of a rich Nation, with all the Wants, the Diſtreſſes and Deſpair of a poor one. If once our Gentry and Nobility wou'd ſet us fair Examples of Frugality and Activity, we ſhou'd ſoon reform, but alas! great Eſtates, as we uſe them, ſeem deſign'd for little elſe but the Triflers of the World, and the wretched Faſhions, Fopperies and Fooleries, they are generally thrown away on. However it is certain, Providence appointed them for nobler Purpoſes, and it were to be wiſh'd the preſent Stewards of them (for they are evidently nothing more) wou'd ſeriouſly conſider this, that they may be able to give the Beſtower a better Account of them.

SWIFT. I was ſaying ſo every Day, for the laſt fifty Years of my Slavery among Men, and all to no Purpoſe! But there is another Matter that makes me fear for the Welfare of *Ireland*, and that is the want of proper Manufactures being ſet up there. I ſee *Tom*, you are ready to bawl out to me, the *Iriſh* Cambricks, the *Iriſh* Linens, but alas! even as to them I am ſorry to ſay, they wou'd do *Great Britain* and *Ireland* twice the Service, if they were doubly encouraged, and not left to creep to thoſe Provinces, where they might go with a briſker Progreſs, if the Funds of the Truſtees were enlarg'd, or their Premiums more happily applied. But I leave that, *Tom*, to Time and the Legiſlature, for the Manufactures which I lament the want of, are thoſe which enrich *France*, *Germany* and *Holland*; ſuch as thoſe of Braſs, Tin, Copper, Lead and Iron Work, in all their amazing Species; thoſe of Glaſs, Tapeſtry, Hats, Silk, Leather, Paper, Pins, Needles, Lace, Earthen-

Earthen-Ware, and Numbers of others, of which our own Iſland can largely ſupply the Materials, if we wou'd make uſe of them. Whether it proceeds from our Ignorance or our Poverty, our before mentioned Lazineſs, or want of Capacity I cannot ſay; but Arts and Manufactures ſeem to be diſcourag'd ſo remarkably, in this unthinking and unthought of Iſland, as if we wou'd fain obtain the Name, of *Omnium bonarum Artium noverca*, formerly as I remember given to *Scythia*. Even thoſe few Attempts we make to deſerve well in ſome of them, are brow-beaten or neglected by our People of Faſhion. This is a Complaint I muſt often make, and can never be too often repeated in their Ears, as without their Help no Workmen, how induſtrious ſoever, can thrive. 'Tis miſerable that our polite People, will not be content to Ruin their own Families by their extravagant Finery, but their Country too, and all who dare endeavour to exert a little Induſtry in home Manufactures. Surely the Wearers of all Foreign Goods, and eſpecially the Fair Sex, do not believe, or do not conſider, that they deliberately ſtarve their own poor Countrymen and their Families, by making them Work in vain. They ſhou'd in Pity, in Generoſity, in Juſtice reflect, that ſince we are not allowed to Export our Silk and Wollen Goods abroad, the leaſt that every Friend to *Ireland* can do, is to encourage them ſo far, as to wear them at Home, tho' they do not quite come up to thoſe that are Imported to us. Tho' we are terribly impoveriſh'd by this fondneſs for Goods which other Nations ſend us, it is ſtill ſome Comfort,

Comfort, that there is no Law to force us to it as yet, and that the whole of this dreadful Ruin, is grounded on our own Humours, which a little thinking, ſome Charity, and a general Poverty, may remove in Time. I know no reaſon, why a Thouſand beautiful Faces I have ſeen in *Ireland*, ſhou'd deſire to look lovelier than Nature, and the Produce of their native Kingdom can make them: And for our Gentlemen (if they are Gentlemen) they ſhou'd take a Pride in wearing nothing but what is wrought in *Iriſh* Looms, and make it a Caſe of Conſcience, like Archbiſhop *King*, Biſhop *Berkeley*, and Crowds of Patriots I cou'd Name, to be cloathed by our own People. The *Dutch* I am told, have lately iſſued a Placart, forbidding all their Subjects (excepting Day-Labourers, who are too poor to trangreſs it) to wear any Silk or Woollen Goods not Fabricated in their Provinces. The greateſt Perſonages are reſtrain'd herein by ſevere Penalties, and tho' we cannot make ſuch a Law, (nor perhaps ſhou'd not deſire it in Reſpect to one Country at leaſt) yet certainly we ſhou'd form general Reſolutions, and try to Eſtabliſh an univerſal Cuſtom (which is equal to any Law) of Feeding and Encouraging our own Workmen and Tradeſmen.

PRIOR. Laws, Mr. *Dean*, are not ſo much wanting, as the Will to favour our own Goods, and our own People; and ſurely as you obſerve, all who pleaſe, may determine in their ſeveral Families, to uſe the Produce of our *Iriſh* Looms; and in the mean Time I cannot but make this ſad Reflection, that if Induſtry and Labour be the great Standard of Value in moſt Things, what (under ſuch Diſcouragements) can

can our unemploy'd Country be worth, which except our Linens, ſends abroad all the Materials for Labour to others, and lies abed like a *Spaniard*, burning Day-Light, and proud of doing Nothing.

SWIFT. I remember to have Read, when I uſed to loſe Time upon Men and Books, that among the *Turks*, every Man of them learns ſome Trade or other. This Faſhion they probably borrow'd from the *Jews*, who made it a Maxim, that he who does not give his Son a Trade, teaches him to be a Thief: And yet till our Proteſtants Taught the *Iriſh* better Manners, a Trade was as ſeldom learn'd as a Pſalter. It is true of late Years this Folly has been pretty much ſubdued, and Numbers of our Natives have diſtinguiſh'd themſelves, by their Skill in different Arts and Handicrafts, but till this Humour wears off, of ſlighting whatever is wrought at Home, it were better they had learn'd to Faſt than to Work. We keep Crowds of our Artificers naked who well-deſerve to be cloathed; many are as ill hutted as ſo many *Greenlanders* or *Ruſſian* Peaſants, who ought to be well houſed, if any one thought them worth taking Care of and Encouraging. But what is ſtill more unhappy, Thouſands of them are forced for fear of Jails and Beggary, to run from us to wiſer Countries, where they and their Arts are well receiv'd and favour'd by our Enemies or Rivals, whoſe Induſtry and Exports they Encreaſe, and thereby help to Starve the Friends they have forſaken. One wou'd expect common Charity to them and ourſelves, and common Senſe in conducting our general Intereſts, wou'd not only have remov'd this main Obſtacle to the

Proſperity

Proſperity of *Ireland*, but wou'd alſo put us on ſetting up all Kinds of new Manufactures, which we ſtill want; let it coſt us ever ſo much for ſetling them here, and Nurſing them till they get Strength, to ſhift for themſelves. It is certain the Publick can hardly pay too dear for ſuch improveable Purchaſes, for unqueſtionably where the Advantages are ſo conſiderable, ſaving in ſuch Caſes is meanneſs and madneſs.

PRIOR. You are ever Tolling the paſſing Bell of *Ireland*, and yet my fears that there is too much Reaſon for all you advance, keep me from oppoſing you; when you cenſure the Stupidity of our Management, in regard of every Meaſure that can hurt us or ſerve us. I ſpent half my Life in exclaiming in the ſame Manner, and I might as well have ſpoke to the Inhabitants of theſe Tombſtones. There is one Particular, which with Grief I muſt add to all your Complaints, and it is a very diſcouraging one as to any Hopes of our Recovery, namely, that this Iſland is made up of two of the moſt unhappy Mixtures a Kingdom can conſiſt of, a Multitude of Gentlemen and Beggars. The firſt have not Time from their Pleaſures, and their own petty Intereſts, to think of ſerving us, and the others cannot either ſerve themſelves or us, without Wages, Food or Raiment, which they cannot get, unleſs we allow them to Purchaſe them by their Labours. In ſhort, Mr. *Dean*, while our Ladies ſcorn to wear any Thing that is *Iriſh*, and our Gentlemen pride themſelves who ſhall Drink moſt *French* Wine; they both Teach their Inferiors the ſame dreadful Folly, and make them join to enrich their Enemies, Beggar their own Workmen, exalt *France*, and ſink *Ireland*,

Ireland, and drive every Creature that has Genius or Induſtry out of it, to Places as we obſerved before, where they can hope to get the Neceſſaries of Life by their Induſtry.

SWIFT. Your mentioning *French* Wine, *Tom*, puts me in Mind of another terrible Remora, to the Proſperity of this unfortunate unthinking Country. I have often thought if *Ireland* had never been allowed to import Foreign Wines, and we had learn'd to Content ourſelves, with drinking our own Ale, Beer, Mead and Cyder, and uſed no other Spirituous Liquors, we ſhou'd have been the richeſt, and the honeſteſt, the healthieſt, and the happieſt Nation under Heaven. It is a melancholy Thought, that poor as we are, and wretched as the Circumſtances of moſt of our Gentry are allowed to be, as to Debts and Incumbrances; yet we actually Drink more *French* Wine, than all *England* together, that is ſo much richer and abler. The Caſe is, few People drink *French* Wine in *England*, but thoſe who have very large Eſtates; Numbers who have a Thouſand *per Annum*, ſeldom taſting it; but with us, every Creature, that has tolerable Cloaths upon his Back, and a Guinea in his Pocket, drinks little elſe, tho' he has ſcarce the Conveniences of Life for his Family. There are ſuch Multitudes that can't reliſh Life or their Food without it, that one wou'd wonder how they can all be provided with it. This Difficulty indeed was ſoon remov'd; for I hear ſuch Crowds now Trade in it, that it is to be fear'd, if their Cuſtomers this Year do not make haſte to take it off their Hands, it

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grows ſo foul, they muſt Drink it themſelves, or they muſt ſell it at laſt for Vinegar.

PRIOR. I have heard from ſome Ghoſts, who died of the laſt Vintage, that (to the Infamy of the Year 1753, be it remembered) 8000 Ton of Wine was imported into this Kingdom from *France*; to the dreadful Drain of our ready Caſh, the encreaſe of the general Poverty of our People, and the Miſery of all who Labour and cannot Eat. Allow me to obſerve here, Mr. *Dean*, that the *Chineſe* ſeem to know us well, who ſend us not only their Teas, but alſo Cups to Drink it out of; and I have often wondered that the *French*, don't ſend us Bottles and Glaſſes with their Wines, as we have not Induſtry enough to make them; tho' the very Bottles for 8000 Ton are computed to coſt us 67000 *l.* It is dreadful to look over ſuch Scenes of Deſtruction, and much more ſo to know they are remedileſs, while our People thus court *France* to undo them, by ſending for ſuch vaſt Quantities of her Claret, at the ſame Time I hear it is pleaded in behalf of the Importers, that they never were guilty of ſuch a Fault before.

SWIFT. A pretty Defence truly, and yet as this was the Excuſe of *Balaam*'s Aſs to his Maſter, one wou'd think none but an Aſs wou'd plead it, and I will venture to ſay, they had better Change it for a ſolemn Vow, never to be guilty of ſuch a Folly again. However if they did take ſuch a Reſolution, I wou'd not adviſe them to enter into Bonds, for the Performance of that Engagement; for I fear they wou'd forfeit them, tho' the Nation was to be Bankrupt by

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it, as in all probability, if we continue to tun down such Quantities of this destructive Liquor, it must soon be. For my part, when I think of this national Madness, in drinking Oceans of *French* Wine, I know not how to account for such prodigious Extravagance, in such ruinous Circumstances. We seem to live the faster, for being in a deep Decay, as Clocks have a quicker Motion, the nearer they are to being run down. 'Tis an hard Case, that evident right reason can't Influence a Nation, and that there is a Necessity for a Majority of right Reasoners, to make thinking Creatures (as we are commonly called) act as their Interest and Happiness demand. When once that fortunate Majority is gain'd, between wise Laws and good Customs, People take up general Maxims and Manners, that direct their Conduct, and form both their private and publick Behaviour, so as to conduce to the good of the Whole, and the well Being of each Individual. But alas! *Tom*, in *Ireland*, we neither think, or act for ourselves or the Publick, nor seem to have any System of Rules, for managing our Estates or our Country; but we live in an extempore Method, and as Time serves, and Accidents happen, we Conduct ourselves. When we are famish'd we think of Bread, when frozen to Death, of Coals and Fire, and when we grow uneasy with the Thoughts of all our Mismanagements, Madness and Follies, a large Dose of Wine (a Hair of the very same Dog) relieves all our Griefs over Night, and we rise as Wise and as Provident as ever in the Morning. As to the Kingdom itself, we make such haste to get it undone, as if we fear'd it wou'd not be ruin'd Time enough; and yet we may plead in Excuse, that particular Gentlemen

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manage no better for themſelves, or their Families. It is certain he is reckon'd no bad Manager, among his neighbouring 'Squires, who can cleverly ſtave off his Creditors, and keep up his Port of living undiſturb'd, till he can ſell (I mean ſettle) his Son, and clear off his Incumbrances with the Wife's Fortune.

PRIOR. A very true, and as ſad an Account of Things; and what inhances our Miſery is, that *France* thrives by thus draining our vital Blood from us, as the Phyſicians in old *Rome*, made their decay'd Patients ſuſtain themſelves, by ſucking the ſtreaming Veins of their poor Slaves. If we paid a moderate Price for our Liquor, it were ſomething, but the *French* raiſe their Demands, in proportion to our Calls for it; and our generous Importers, never endeavour to beat them down, as they find they get the greater Gain, the dearer they buy it; and our Gentlemen take up the ſame prudent way of Thinking, and never believe themſelves ſo generous, as when they drink Wines, that their poorer Neighbours cannot Purchaſe. The preſent Fulneſs of the Treaſury, vaſtly beyond all former Years, ſhews how far our Madneſs is riſen; for this Folly of drinking away both our Eſtates and our Reaſon, has ſeized like an epidemical Plague, on all Ranks of Men among us. Even thoſe of the poorer Sort, from a noble Emulation of copying their betters, drink as much Wine as they can; and where their Purſes or their Credit will not reach ſo high, they muſt have foreign Liquors, tho' they be only Mum or Cyder, Porter or Perry, and ſeem reſolved to ſhew they are as little afraid of a Jail, as greater Perſons.

SWIFT. In other Nations the Nobility and Gentry, think for the Commonalty, and govern their Manners by the Laws they make, and the becoming Examples they ſet them. But in this poor ill-ſtarr'd Iſland, they corrupt them by their falſe Splendour, by their foreign Luxury, by deſpiſing Virtue, Religion and Temperance, and as faſt as they can drinking themſelves out of the World, and ſinking their Fortunes, in both which they are faithfully copied, by their Inferiors- I have often thought while I was among them, that if our Gentlemen were oblig'd by Law, to give in Accounts to the Publick of their annual Expences, as Children do to their Parents, in order to have them regulated; what miſerable Oeconomiſts they wou'd appear to be, both for their own and their Country's Intereſts. The Article of Drinking is grown ſo immenſe, and at the ſame Time ſo general, that if ſome Fence is not provided for it ſoon, this Nation will be more in Danger from this Land-devouring Flood, than the *Dutch* are from being overwhelm'd by the Ocean. What imbitters theſe Reflections the more is, that tho' all our Exports are the very Neceſſaries of Life, which we ſend off to Feed and Cloath other Nations, yet all our Imports, are the meer Superfluities of Luxury and Vanity, that keep our Natives naked and ſtarv'd, and ruin the Healths of thoſe of the better Sort. I ſay ruin the Healths, for I believe, if you and I, *Tom*, were to draw up a Liſt of all our Acquaintances, who have died Martyrs to Wine and good Fellowſhip, it wou'd look like a *London* Plague-Bill in 1666. *Pharaoh* and his Army wou'd appear but as an Handful to thoſe I

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cou'd reckon up, within theſe laſt fifty Years, that have periſh'd in this red Sea of Claret; and what Crowds are there, now creeping by this way alone, into Stone and Gout, Rheumatiſms, Palſies and Dropſies; after having by their Love of the Bottle, exchang'd their Youth and their Strength, not for a ſhort and a merry Life, but a ſhort and a miſerable one.

PRIOR. It is a terrible Thing to conſider, if half the Money paid for *French* Wine, was laid out in Building and Planting here, what a Garden they wou'd make of this whole Iſland; and inſtead of this, they make the Bottle the Buſineſs of their Lives, and ſacrifice to this noble Paſſion, I will not ſay their Country, (for that no body minds) but their Healths and their Fortunes as readily as their Reaſon. It is odd to me, Mr. *Dean*, if we muſt uſe foreign Wines, why we do not make thoſe of *Portugal*, *Spain*, *Italy* and *Sicily*, cheap by low Duties, and the *French* twice as dear by high ones; for by this means, we cou'd get Drunk with the Loſs of leſs Time, and Health, and Money. If even ſuch a Tax was laid on it, as would make its Conſumption leſs general, and hinder the poorer part of our People, from being ruin'd by the dreadful Affectation, of drinking like the Men of Figure and Faſhion, it wou'd be an excellent Method; and above all if the additional Taxes, were appropriated to extend the Linen Manufacture thro' the Southern Provinces. This wou'd ſoon enrich us, and impoveriſh at the ſame Time, the great Enemy to the repoſe of *Europe*; for 'tis by her Wines and our Money chiefly, that *France* has been enabled, to ſoar

towards Univerſal Monarchy, and if this Feather was pluck'd from her, ſhe wou'd ſoon ſhorten her Flights, and droop her Wings.

SWIFT. You think extravagantly and wildly! You cheat yourſelf like moſt Projectors, with your own Dreams, and your Expectations are ſuited only to Citizens, who live and act, *Tanquam in Republica Platonis*. Can you be ſo abſurd as to hope, that Men in theſe Days, and in Manners like ours, ſhou'd liſten to Reaſon; and think our own Beer, Ale, Cyder, Mead and home Wines, fitteſt and beſt for themſelves, their Friends and their Families? Can you imagine that this Age of Intemperance and Luxury, will think a while of theſe important Truths, inſtead of pleaſing their Palates, and driving off that heavy Load, their Time, with the Roar of Jollity and Riot? Is it to be expected that good Fellows and Pot Companions, will be influenced by a Regard for the Welfare of *Ireland*, when they will not value their own Healths, nor avoid all the Diſtempers we lately reckon'd up, as well as all the nervous Diſorders, that ſpring from the fatal Tartar, which Claret by ſad Experience is found to abound with? I was weak enough, to read Phyſick Books in my old Age, and I remember *Galen* told me, that in all Wine there is ſomething Indigeſtible in its ſelf, and ruinous to true complete Concoction; but our beſt modern Phyſicians do alſo aſſert, that the Tartar in *French* Wine, is the Fountain of a Crowd of Plagues and Pains, to our wretched Bodies. We read this in a Number of Authors, and have the Tradition handed down, from the Records of the Dead and the Living, who have ſuffered by neglecting

neglecting ſuch good Advice; but where are the *Recabites* that will liſten to ſuch Councils, in theſe drinking Days.

PRIOR. But as deſtructive as Wine is to us, we muſt not forget the dreadful Effects, Spirituous Liquors have on our Country and our Bodies. They are really a ſort of Liquid Flames, which corrode the Coats of the Stomach, thicken the Juices, and enflame the Blood, and in a Word, abſolutely ſubvert the whole Animal Oeconomy. The frequent uſe of them, has had as bad Effects on our poor Natives, as Gin in *Great Britain*; and beſides driving many Wretches into Thefts, Quarrels, Murders and Robberies, it kills as many of the Poor, (when Drunk to exceſs) as Wine does of the Rich. Even our own renowned *Whiſky*, tho' it has baniſh'd the Brandies of *France*, yet is almoſt as pernicious to our Healths and our Morals; tho' we have this poor Comfort, ſince Spirituous Liquors we muſt have, that it is better to pay our *Iriſh* Farmers, for deſtroying us, (if we muſt be deſtroy'd) than the *French* Vignarons about *Bourdeaux*.

SWIFT. I allow indeed our *Iriſh* Spirits, are preferable to thoſe made in *France*; but after all, the chief good Quality of them is, that the King gets a prodigious encreaſe of his Revenue, by our Stills. It were to be wiſh'd, that this Part of his Majeſty's Duties, that is founded on the Intemperance of his People, was ſupplied by ſome other Tax; for it is dreadful to conſider, how much the Crown is intereſted, that the Subject ſhou'd neither be frugal or ſober. The

Duty on our Spirits is the beſt paid Money in the World, unleſs we except what we pay for our Wine; for I think the only Debts we pay well, are to the Merchant who Poiſons us, and the Sharpers who bubble us at Play. If I were alive, I wou'd write a Book againſt the dreadful Intemperance of this Age and this Country; tho' I doubt if it wou'd do us much Service; for there is a Time, when the nobleſt Medicines are of no Uſe in a Diſtemper, and I fear our political Diſeaſes are now ſo deſperate, that to die as eaſily as we can, and to put it off as long as we can, is all our poor Country can hope for. I will therefore leave this, and go to another great Obſtacle to the welfare of *Ireland*, and that is the want of Tillage amongſt us.

PRIOR. That is indeed, Mr. *Dean*, a terrible Evil, and like moſt of our Evils, chiefly owing to ourſelves. We do not want this additional Hardſhip to many others, that what we earn by our Labours in good Years, goes all from us in a ſcarce one, and leaves us either without Food or without Money.

SWIFT. Surely if repeated Sufferings make us patient, we might expect that our frequent Misfortunes, might make us Wiſe; and yet Famines are not able to oblige us to Plow, nor our Legiſlature to force us to it, by ſalutary Laws. One wou'd believe there were neither Thinkers or Reaſoners, (unpoiſon'd by *French* Wine) left in *Ireland*. Are we to be a Nation of Beaſts, and a few Savages to watch them, and only ſome Landlords and Butchers to divide the Spoil, and ſhare the Plunder of a Nation, waſted of its Villages

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and People, as *William Rufus*, ſerv'd part of *Kent*, to feed his Deer? Good God! what a Scandal are we growing, to all the Kingdoms of the Earth, that ſet up for a regulated Government, or a ſenſible equal Polity? Surely, *Tom*, Men with common Senſe, and common Induſtry, might make ſomething elſe of this fertile Country, than a wild ſolitary Extent of Paſtures; and that Men and civilized Creatures, might thrive here as well as Beaſts and Barbarians; and that we need not let this poor Region, look like the one ey'd *Polyphemus*'s Iſland, ſpoil'd of its Inhabitants, and occupied only by his Sheep and his Cattle? We all know, Grazing makes Countries wild and horrid, their People ſlothful and uncultivated as the Soil; but one might bear any Fault but ſtarving; and yet every three or four Years, Men here are near famiſhing for want of Bread, and ready to eat up each other, like Lord *Al——ms* Dogs in the Kennel. It is hard to ſay, what ſort of People we are, for it is ſtrange that the univerſal Inſtinct, that governs all the lower Ranks of Animals, or that the great Law of Self-preſervation, does not influence our Countrymen ſo far, as to provide their own Bread. Not to Inſult us with wiſer Nations, I wou'd at leaſt expect, that we ſhou'd ſhew ourſelves, as provident as the Republick of Ants, and keep ſomething to preſerve Life and Soul together, when Want and Winter come. We ſeem to be quite uninfluenced by Hopes or Fears, the two great ruling Paſſions of the Soul; and as merry and improvident, as ſo many Graſs-hoppers. In other Countries if Sheep eat up Men, the Men have their Revenge and eat up Sheep; but in *Ireland*, wretched, thoughtleſs *Ireland*, Sheep eat up more Men than all

the Wolves on the Earth, without our poor Natives, being able to devour one of them, but now and then, when we Steal them, juſt to keep Life and Soul together.

Prior. The very Earth ſeems to cry out againſt us, Mr. *Dean*, for our want of labouring it, as it is ready to reward the Induſtrious, with fertile Crops, and large Returns. He who will work up its natural Strength ſufficiently, need never want Food or Raiment, or a good warm Cabbin, to encourage him to go on, and by honeſt Care and Toils, in Time enrich himſelf and his Country. We obſerv'd before, that the Women who were once the idleſt part of our People, are now the moſt Induſtrious; and if the Men will improve as faſt at the Plow, as they have done at the Wheel, we ſhou'd ſoon ſee a vaſt Change in our Circumſtances. Our pinch'd miſerable way of Living, wou'd be turn'd to Plenty and Neatneſs, Warmth and Health; and the Plow wou'd enliven the Wheel and the Reel, and keep every Child, and every Sex in Motion. All this we may hope from good and wiſe Governors; of ſuch force is Thinking for the Body, when the Body in return, will Work to make itſelf and the Mind eaſy. If our Rulers and Legiſlators, wou'd once heartily ſet about contriving, to get us Bread out of our own Fields, and oblige us by Laws to till the Ground ſufficiently, we might ſoon ſee our People and their Children, as buſy as ſo many *Japoneſe* Villagers, when the Earth is loaded with their Harveſts. However, I fear neither of theſe Things will be done, till we are forc'd to it, by ſeeing Twenty-Thouſand poor Mortals ſtarv'd once more,

more, and twice as many driven out of our Country; juſt as we ſee People ſeldom build Bridges over the River, till they find Numbers of Travellers, have been drown'd in Fording it.

SWIFT. A Foreigner wou'd think it as abſurd, to hear that our Natives want Food, while we Export ſuch amazing Quantities of Proviſions; as that the Commonalty round *Newcaſtle*, wanted Firing, tho' they furniſh *London* with their Coals. He wou'd aſk, why we don't Tax ſuch a mad Exportation, and by laying Twelve-pence per Barrel, on all ſalted Beef and Pork, raiſe a Fund for Premiums, to the greateſt Number of Acres plow'd in each County; that at leaſt we may have Bread for our Natives, who dare not hope for Fleſh to eat with it. 'Tis a ſad and a reproachful Proſpect to us, to obſerve the *Chineſe* levelling Mountains, banking in Rivers, and draining Moraſſes, to improve and Dung them for the Plow; and to ſee in *Ireland*, as fertile Plains as any in the Earth, lying untill'd, and feeding Sheep and Bullocks, inſtead of Men, of Induſtrious ſocial thinking Creatures! The Plow is the Cauſe that *China* ſwarms with large Cities and Villages, and 'tis from the want of Tillage, that I remember to have ſeen in *Munſter*, the wretched Tenants, as ill-houſed as ſo many *Hottentots*; which proceeds from the ſame Defect, the Country there is ſo little Populous. Great Towns, and fair Villages, are not only the Strength and Ornament of any Country, but good Dwellings do naturally encreaſe Children, as a Barn does Mice, and from the ſame Reaſon too. Beſides Buildings like thoſe in *China*, always bring Crowds of Artificers together,

together, as they are ſure of Buſineſs and Emplyment from them; and thence alſo the Country too, muſt become thicker Planted and better Peopled; but in *Ireland*, all theſe Bleſſings are as hopeleſs, and as rare as Virtue, Wiſdom or Induſtry. Without Tillage properly follow'd and encourag'd, 'tis impoſſible our Numbers will ever encreaſe ſufficiently; nay they muſt neceſſarily decline every Day; nor ſhall we be able to feed tolerably, thoſe Remnants of our Countrymen, whom our Flocks of Sheep, and Herds of Bullocks, don't drive to *France* and *America*, thoſe great Drains of wretched *Ireland*. But what is fully as bad is, that without Tillage, we ſhall be perpetually drawing off what little Money we have, and Bread will be ſo dear, that 'tis impoſſible but other Nations who feed cheaper, muſt underſell us in our Manufactures. Beſides how can there be any depending on ſtated Prices for our Goods, while Bread is conſtantly ſo fluctuating in its Value, as it is in *Ireland*; ſince the Wages of the Workmen, will ever depend on the Price he pays for his Food? This is by the bye, a Circumſtance, which muſt for ever ſhut out the Linen Buſineſs from *Muuſter*, and all the grazing Counties; it being abſolutely impoſſible for it to ſubſiſt, without Tillage and Hands, which ever go together. It cannot be the Profit, that endears Grazing to the Southern Provinces; ſince many excellent Authors, and particularly Mr. *Dobbs*, have clearly demonſtrated the vaſt Difference, betwixt Tillage and Grazing, as to the real Gain by each; and it is clear we loſe one Year with another, 200,000 *l.* to our Country, by this impolitick Turn to Stocks. This is enough in Conſcience, one wou'd imagine for this unthinking King-

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dom ; but we muſt add to this Loſs alſo, the Multitudes, we force Abroad or ſtarve at Home, and the real Gain we ſhou'd make by their Arts and Labour, and the encreaſe of Houſes, Marriages, Children, Health, Wealth and Plenty, which they naturally bring with them. If our wiſe Graziers wou'd once conſider theſe Things, and that our Northern Colonies in *America*, are ſupplying thoſe in the South with Beef, and threatning to beat us by Degrees out of that Trade, they will perceive how neceſſary it is, to have a Law for Tillage, and that without it, we may ſay with the *Ægyptians*, 'We be all dead Men.' This I am ſure of, and I will only add that 'tis in vain to make Laws, for encouraging our Linen, or to expect to keep Money enough in our Kingdom, to pay our Rents, or circulate Trade, when ſuch prodigious Sums, go out annually for Grain, by which, and the vaſt Importation of *French* Wine, we are now actually on the very Brink of Bankruptcy and Ruin.

SWIFT. I know no better way to convince any one, of the ſuperior Advantages, ariſing from Tillage, compar'd to thoſe by Grazing, then to make him conſider the Circumſtances of the People in *Ulſter*, and thoſe in the other Provinces. In the firſt, all are laborious, all are well Cloath'd, well Fed, well Houſed and Taught ; in the laſt, all Lazy, Naked, Starv'd, Lodg'd in dirty Hutts, and almoſt Illiterate. The ſuperior Advantages which the North ſo eminently enjoys, proceed not ſo much from the different Genius's, of the two oppoſite Religions, which prevail there, and in the South, (tho' that is ſomething) but from Tillage and Labour, and all the Arts 'tis employ'd in,

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being fixt in *Ulſter*. This ſhews the Care we ſhou'd take, to encourage Tillage in this half-ſtarv'd Iſland, and the wiſeſt Nations have ever thought they cou'd not take too much about it. *Aulus Gellius* tells us, that the wiſe *Romans* kept Inſpectors, over the Agriculture of their People, who took due Care, that every one manag'd their Grounds, in the moſt ſkilful and uſeful Manner, and to inſtruct the Ignorant and puniſh the Refractory. At this Day, *Pere du Halde* aſſures us, that the *Chineſe* do in the moſt rigid Manner, oblige every one to ſow their Grounds or forfeit them; and they appoint judicious Surveyors, who every Year, make Returns to the Magiſtrates, of the ſeveral Plow-Lands, and their different Fertility. This may convince us, what theſe two wiſe Nations thought, of the Benefit of Agriculture; and if any Thing cou'd make us renounce our deſtructive Paſſion for Grazing, one might tell them, that 'tis recommended by him that made the Earth, in many Paſſages of holy Writ; and if you remember, *Moſes* alſo Aſſigns it, as one Reaſon for God's creating *Adam*, That Man was wanted to Till the Ground. When I was talking of the *Roman* and *Chineſe* Inſpectors of their Tillage, I ſhou'd have mention'd that the *Jews* had ſuch alſo; for we find the Names of thoſe who in *David*'s Time, were Superintendants of ſuch Matters, recorded in the * *Chronicles*. Poſſibly in theſe bleſſed Times for Acting and Thinking freely, we ſhou'd not reliſh ſuch Dictators to the Plow, nor any penal Laws to enforce our Tillage; but certain I am, that without ſome Laws that will execute themſelves, (how averſe

* 1 *Chronicles*, 27. *ch. v.* 25 *and* 26.

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ſoever we may be to them) we ſhall ſtill continue in the utmoſt Danger of Beggary and Famine. We may very well ſubmit, even to ſuch compulſatory Laws in this Kingdom, ſince every one may read in our Hiſtories, that *England* was often oblig'd, to force her Subjects to return to the Plow, when the lazy Method of paſturing Cattle, had diſtreſt that Kingdom; and 'tis chiefly to the Statutes made by the two laſt *Henries* and *Edward* the VIth, that ſhe owes the Bleſſing, of her being now the Granary of *Europe*, and of her enjoying the Advantages of having improv'd her Agriculture, beyond all other Nations. It is to be hop'd, if our late Act to encreaſe our Tillage, was properly amended, and form'd ſo as to make the Recovery of the Penalties more eaſy, it wou'd have very happy Effects here; as Agriculture is the Source of Plenty, and the nurſing Mother of Arts and Manufactures. We obſerv'd before, that to ſee Beggars in any well regulated State, is a reproach to its Laws and Government; but to ſee a Nation of Beggars, is too ſcandalous to have it exemplified in any Kingdom but *Ireland*; and yet without an effectual Law for Tillage, that muſt unqueſtionably be our Misfortune for a while, and in ſome Years our Ruin. I am at a Loſs how to account for this univerſal Conſpiracy to deſtroy ourſelves, which is the more alarming, as our own Plots againſt our own Happineſs generally ſucceed. Have we made a Vow of Poverty, like the Capuchin Friars, or have we entred into a Confederacy to enrich every Country but our own? for if not, whence comes it, that above all other Nations we have the fineſt Ports, without Ships or Trade, the greateſt Number of able Hands, without any care of Em-

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ploying them, and that we are bleſt with ſo many Millions, of rich arable Acres without Plowing them, and ſuch Numbers of Men of Rank and Fortune, without proper Zeal or Spirit, to remedy theſe Evils which we groan under? But there are two Inſtances of our Folly as to Tillage, that I cannot paſs by. The firſt is, that we chuſe the North, for the main Store-Houſe of the Kingdom, where we have not only the barreneſt Lands, but the worſt Seaſons, and where the Wet and Bleakneſs of the Country, produce tardy Harveſts, fierce Winds and heavy Rains; and where the Ground is not near ſo fit for the Production of Wheat, as the rich Plains of our other Provinces, that lye nearer to the Sun. The other Inſtance of our Folly, is our rejecting in the Year 1710, the Bill tranſmitted from *England*, that allowed a large Premium for our exported Corn, which wou'd have been the greateſt Encouragement to our Tillage, and conſequently the greateſt Bleſſing to this unfortunate Kingdom. I will not reckon up the Millions it wou'd have ſav'd us, that have ſince gone out for Bread; nor thoſe it wou'd have gain'd us, by the encreaſe of our Manufactures, and the keeping buſy at Home, all the Hands we have been depriv'd of by ſubſequent Famines; but I will ſay this, that as our Zeal for his Majeſty's Succeſſion, our dread of the Pretender, and our Jealouſy of the Duke of *Ormond*'s popular Arts, made us then throw out that Act; ſo it is to be hop'd, that the King will in the Generoſity of his Soul, reſtore us that deſireable Bill which we loſt for him.

PRIOR.

PRIOR. I heartily wiſh it, Mr. *Dean*, and tho' we had then a Lord Lieutenant highly regarded by the Miniſtry, favour'd by the Queen, and greatly belov'd in *Ireland*, yet it is as true, that we have one at preſent, who is not inferior to him in thoſe Advantages, and vaſtly ſuperior to him in others; and who certainly has as ſincere a deſire to ſerve us, as ever poſſeſt a *Boulter*, a *Berkeley* or a *Swift*, for I will not preſume to join my Name with ſuch Patriots. I hope we ſhall find it ſo by Experience, but whenever he does procure us that Bleſſing, if he wou'd complete our Obligations to him, and endear himſelf for ever to *Ireland*, he muſt add to it, the eſtabliſhing Granaries in *Dublin*, *Cork*, and ſuch Parts of the Kingdom, where they will be the moſt uſeful to thoſe great Ends, the keeping Bread at a fix'd Price, as well as our Manufactures, and the Wages of thoſe who Work them, whoſe Labour muſt ever depend on their Food. Without theſe, we muſt live dependent on Accidents, Winds and Seaſons, and the Mercy of Corn-Factors; and as both the old *Jews* and the old *Romans*, had ſuch Store-Houſes, and the wiſeſt Governments in *Europe*, made uſe of them with the exacteſt Providence, and to the greateſt Advantage under proper Regulations; ſurely we ſhall not be depriv'd of ſuch Bleſſings long. They are the great ſecurity to the Welder, that his Grain ſhall bear a fair encouraging Price, and at the ſame Time a Reſtraint on the rapacious Avarice of the Farmer, and the Corn-Chandler abroad and at Home; and as by being furniſh'd in cheap Years, and all Exportations ſtopt till they're fill'd, they wou'd keep a fair Balance on the Price of Bread, he who deſires

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to be bleſs'd by the Poor and the Induſtrious here, will not fail to add this Favour to all that we hope to receive from him.

SWIFT. I don't like praying to Saints that muſt pray to others. Our beſt Way is to addreſs his Majeſty for whatever we ſtand in need of; tho' after all, what can we hope *England* will do for us, who ſees our Wants, knows what has occaſioned them, and what would relieve them, and yet takes not the leaſt Step to ſerve us. This ſingle Circumſtance looks with an ill-omen'd Aſpect on the Affairs of *Ireland*, and is another main Reaſon, which I muſt offer to you, why I think our Days of Proſperity are as far off as the great *Platonick* Year.

PRIOR. I have often thought, Mr. *Dean*, our Clamours againſt *England* very ill grounded, tho' many, who know they are falſe or fooliſh, are apt, for no good Ends, to encourage them. 'Tis to *England* that we owe that we are yet a Nation, that we are Freemen and Proteſtants, and enjoy our civil and religious Rights, by the ſame Zeal and Efforts which ſecured their own. They have left large Branches of Trade and Manufactures open to us; and even our Linen and our Fiſheries, our Tillage and our Collieries, our Salt-works, and our Mines, (not to mention many others) would employ moſt of the idle Hands in the Kingdom, if we would once ſet vigorouſly about them. Can we be ſo unreaſonable as to expect ſhe will diſtreſs her own Natives, to encourage thoſe in *Ireland*, as if they had not Senſe to conſider, that their Charity, as well as ours, ſhould ever begin at home? It can never

ver be denied, that they have done largely for us, if we would do something to help ourselves, with proper Industry, and an eager Zeal to serve our Country. They do not hinder us to save 300000 *l. per Annum*, by using our own Woollen and Silken Manufactures, our own Salt, our own Sugar, our own Grain, Hops and Coals, Ale, Cyder, Bark and Cheese, our own Iron and Iron-ware, Paper and Glass; and if we will not work them up, nor use them when wrought, are they to be blamed, or we? Would you have them make a Law to prohibit the Importation of such Things to *Ireland*, and force us to use our Hands for our own Wants, whether we will or no?

SWIFT. I wish they would; it would be of infinite Service to this poor Country, which they impoverish by the wasteful Consumption of *English* Goods, that devour our Money, and deaden our Industry. That we owe many Blessings to *England*, I never doubted, even when I was alive, and as far as was in her Power, disgraced and maltreated by her, and much less shall I dispute it now. However, I can reckon up a large Catalogue of Complaints and Distresses, which *Ireland* can very justly charge her with.

PRIOR. Allowing all this to be true, as, to my Sorrow, I see you have some Grounds for your Assertion; are they to be reviled or envy'd for sending us their Goods, if we are so mad as to call for them? Would you have them hinder your buying their Commodities? Or, to go a little further, would we be hinder'd if they did? If we cut our own Throats, in our own wise Judgments, would you have them make a

Law to gibbet us for it after we are dead? I allow you many of our Murmurings are juſt; but for the Love of Truth and Goodneſs, let us lament our Caſe with ſome Senſe, and begin at the right End with railing at ourſelves. I do not deny, that we are much impoveriſh'd by their Importations, nay, that by them we are in ſome Senſe of the Word, Beggars; But, dear *Dean*, who ever hated Beggars more than you did, that had Health and Hands, and could work and help themſelves, and would not. If our People will neither ſet up Manufactures, nor encourage them when ſet up, if they will not promote Agriculture by large Premiums through the Kingdom, but had rather beg Bread from their induſtrious Neighbours; if they will neither build Granaries, or ſet up Fiſheries or Collieries: If Gentlemen will neither live at home, nor build and improve their Eſtates, to tempt their Sons to live there; if they ſee Societies ſet up for the Service of *Ireland*, and won't ſpare Shillings a-piece from their Diverſions, to increaſe their Force and Power to help us, are the *Engliſh* to be blamed, or ourſelves, if they leave it to our Choice either to mend our Follies, or to ſuffer by them.

Swift. The Truth is (though I am loth to confeſs it) I fear we are too lazy, becauſe we are not extraordinarily encouraged, either here or by *England*; and probably they want to ſee us more alert, before they help us further; and in the mean time, between our Gentlemen who go abroad for Pleaſure, and our Poor for Bread, we are like a Ship that is run a-ground, and the Hands which ſhould have ſaved her gone off. People that are unfortunate love to have ſome one to

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lay the Blame on; and ſo we rail at *England*, as I remember Mrs. *Halley* (the Wife of the famous Aſtronomer) did at the Stars, who uſed to wring her Hands, and bawl out, My Curſe, and God's Curſe upon them for Stars, for they have ruined me and my Family; whereas, like *Job*'s Wife, ſhe ought to have curſed her Huſband for his ſtar-gazing Folly. At the ſame Time I never did, nor ever will forgive *England* for not helping us more than ſhe does: We are a Mint in her Hands, but through her Negligence or Diffidence it is an unwrought one, though the Ore is vaſtly rich and promiſing.

Prior. I muſt agree with you there, and yet I am convinced, that the Fear of making their own People jealous, the Weight of their Debts, their violent Parties, and their decayed Trade, prevent their doing all they would for us or themſelves; the Charity, the unbounded Charity, *England* extended to us at the Revolution, her Encouragement to our Linens, our Woollen Yarn, and our Cambricks, and to name no more, her Benefactions to our Charter-Schools, are Evidences of her Love to us which can never be forgotten. But beſide all this, if *England* has a Zeal for her own Welfare, ſhe muſt have a good Will for ours; for ſhe knows and feels every Improvement made in *Ireland*, that does not directly claſh with her Intereſt, is pouring Treaſure into her own Lap, as regularly as what the River gets is returned to the Ocean. 'Tis evident, if we are better cloath'd, peopled, fed, and houſed here; if our Wealth be encreaſed, or our Inhabitants or Country improved, we ſhall of Courſe take off more of her Goods, and ſpend more of our

Money in *London*, which is to all Intents and Purpoſes, as much our Metropolis as *England*'s. We already, by the mending of our Circumſtances in ſome Reſpects, and the raiſing our Rents, do actually ſpend thrice as much there as our Grandfathers did; and it is as plain a Truth, that our Grandchildren will hereafter redouble what we carry there now. Can there be a Doubt then, that *England* muſt conſult our Welfare, as long as ſhe attends to her own? Though we live in different Iſlands, we are in effect but one People, and generally Children of the ſame Family; all we want to make us happy together is, that the elder Brother ſhould carry to us with Affection and Regard, and we to him with Reſpect and Deference, without Jealouſies or Quarrels for Trifles or Things that cannot be helped, we never interfering with them, nor they oppreſſing or cramping us.

SWIFT. You are a very civil Magiſtrate, as *St. John* ſays, and have adjuſted Things very amicably; but there is another Reaſon for *England*'s protecting us, which I cannot paſs by, and that is becauſe any bold Step of the Crown in future Ages to abſolute Power, will probably begin here. 'Tis therefore to be hoped, our Brethren in *Great-Britain*, who (whatever may become of them) are not born Slaves like ſome People I won't name, will watch us like a Beacon, whenever bad or weak Men ſet this poor Iſland on Fire, either to plunder or to frighten it, or for any other noble political Scheme. I muſt own, *Tom*, while I was playing the Fool in the World, like my Neighbours, I uſed to rail at *England* ſeverely, and I had my Reaſons

ſons for it; but though I am altered much as to that Point, there are ſeveral Things that I ſtill think her blameable in, and particularly for the ſmall Number of *Iriſhmen* that are preferred in Church and State. The Want of all proper Encouragement here, for every Man's exerting his Abilities as far as they can go, has terrible Effects on the very Genius and Character of our Nation. It actually keeps our Schools unfill'd, and thins our College to a ſurpriſing Degree; and makes our People look on the little Virtue we have yet kept among us, as uſeleſs and impertinent in a Country, where they are out of Faſhion, and where Alliance, and Blood, and Family-Intereſt, make our Conſtitution in Church and State, (and eſpecially the Church) rather hereditary than elective. This is a great national Grievance, ſo as to make it a Sort of Misfortune to be born here; nor do I ſee any Hopes of a Remedy, unleſs we get a Bill of Naturalization paſt on the other Side of the Water for all *Iriſhmen*, as well as for the *Jews*. At preſent there is as little Encouragement for Knowledge, or the learned Arts in *Ireland*, as in the *Iſle of Man*, or rather leſs; for though their Preferments and Poſts are fewer, they are only beſtowed on Natives. By this Means it will come to paſs in Time, that our Parts muſt be as ſlight as our Encouragements, and poor as our Country; for here, as in the dead Level of the Ocean, there is no Riſing but by Storms and Tempeſts, and the Miſeries and Ruins they occaſion; and therefore half our Gentry owe their Eſtates to the Wars and Rebellions of Madmen and Bigots. But as to Eminence in Learning, or diſtinguiſh'd Abilities, they are quite overlook'd; or at leaſt the Handful, that *Ireland* has ſeen

preferred of her Natives by them, is miſerably ſmall. In other Nations ſome, nay, Crowds, are advanced by their Knowledge and Talents, but here they are diſcountenanced and brow-beaten; ſome are enriched by Trade, but here all we have is contrived to ruin us: Some make large Fortunes by their Skill in the Laws, but with us, where Plaintiffs or Defendants are one or other of them Beggars, the Proverb will tell you what is got by the Suit. I muſt add to all theſe Complaints, that even Avarice cannot bring a Man in *Ireland* a moderate Acquiſition of Wealth; for here all Men do ſo univerſally outlive their Circumſtances, that Saving is grown as ſcandalous as Thieving, and a Man is hooted out of the World more frequently for the one, than he is hanged for the other.

Prior. It is eaſier, Mr. *Dean*, to exclaim on this Head, than to ſhew the Juſtice of the Complaint; for whoever will carefully look over the Liſts of thoſe who have been preferred in Church and State for ſome Years, will find there has been greater Attention than ever paid to this Matter. But leſt you ſhould diſpute this Fact, I will only hint, that there are Grounds to ſay, this Complaint will not be ſo common a Topick of Diſcourſe with *Iriſhmen*, as we knew it in our Time; and probably as Learning and Knowledge may therefore make greater Advances among us than ever, we ſhall find *Iriſhmen* hereafter as much diſtinguiſhed by their Preferments as their Merit. But however that may be, it will be as great Madneſs for us to malign or revile *England* on ſuch Diſguſts and Slights, as for a younger Son to quarrel with his Father, to whom he owes his being what he is, and who may in Time

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vaſtly enlarge his Portion and his Happineſs, if he behaves with Duty and Love. This I will be bold to ſay, that we are poſſeſs'd of as many civil Advantages, under our Connections with *England*, as we enjoy from our natural ones, and our Situation in this Climate, this Sun, and this World of Life and Matter, where we derive ſo many Bleſſings from the Bounty of the Creator.

SWIFT. I wiſh, *Tom*, you would not ſtir that Bone of Contention, for there is a great deal to be ſaid on both Sides of the Queſtion, which, as I love to keep in good Humour, and be as quiet in my Grave as I can, I do not care for wrangling about. But this I muſt ſay, as to your Hints of our being Children of the ſame Family, that you had better let them alone, for it ſtirs my Spleen too violently. I am ſure, if we are ſo, we fare like the reſt of the younger Children in the World, who get but a Pittance to ſtarve on, while the elder Brother runs away with the Bulk of the Fortune. I will not dwell on what we loſe to her by Abſentees, but I know between our Wool, our Woollen and Worſted Yarn, our Linens and Linen Yarn, our Copper, Lead, and Iron Ore, our Hides, Skins, Tallow, all which are the Primums and Foundations of her great Manufactures, ſhe makes immenſe Gains by her Trade with our Country, and the Ships ſhe employs in it. I muſt alſo add, that we take from her the largeſt Supplies of her Grain and her Manufactures of any Nation upon Earth; and beſides the Crowds of *Engliſh* Gentlemen, that are poſſeſs'd of Employments, Commiſſions, Penſions, and Preferments here, ſhe makes near two Millions by

the Trade with *Ireland*; which I know is more than ſhe gains from the reſt of the World. I am not peeviſh, or at leaſt ſo peeviſh, as I uſed to be, when I had vile Fleſh and Blood about me; but theſe are plain confeſt honeſt Truths, and if that generous large thoughted Nation, will conſider them calmly and candidly; poſſibly ſhe will make us other Returns, than cramping our Trade, making us poor Petitioners, for leave to live by our Linen, and binding us by Laws (a Thing which every *Briton* ſhou'd ſtart at) to which we never gave our Conſent.

PRIOR. I cannot enter on that Subject, without irritating you, and therefore, Mr. *Dean*, I will drop it; but this I muſt ſay, that *England* had probably ſhewn us more Affection and Indulgence, if ſhe had not been kept in perpetual Alarms, by our endeavouring to Rival her in her great Staple, the Woollen Trade. I have heard of ſome Women, who to regain their Huſband's Affections, ſtrove to make them Jealous; but I fancy that is no good Artifice, to make Nations love one another, and I hope as our Linen Manufactures, and our Tillage encreaſe in the South; we ſhall remove all uneaſineſſes from that Quarter. It is certain our Intereſts and *England*'s are inſeparably united, and he muſt be a very weak, or a very malicious Man, who wou'd endeavour to divide our Inclinations, and ſet up a Wall Partition between us; by keeping up artificial Jealouſy on the one Side, and unnatural Averſion on the other. It wou'd be abſurd to think that becauſe we have a broader Arm of the Sea, between us and *England* that the *Iſle of Wight*, or *Angleſea*; that therefore we ought to have, different Rules

Rules and Views of Acting; whereas we ſhou'd conſider ourſelves as one People, join'd in one Syſtem of Government, Religion, Laws and Liberties; and he that divides us Ruins us.

SWIFT. What doſt thou talk of dividing us? I hope that Word was not aim'd at me. I am not for Diviſions (nor let me whiſper you in the Ear, *Tom*) Unions either, till I ſee more Cauſe. But in the mean Time, I ſay ſince *England* makes ſo much by *Ireland*, ſhe ought to help us to get ſomething for ourſelves, if it was for no other Reaſon but to double her Gain by us. But it is amazing how a Nation ſo ſenſible and enterprizing as ſhe is generally allow'd to be, can ſo long over look the vaſt Advantages ſhe might draw from us, if we were cultivated and improv'd under her Direction. Can ſhe be Ignorant how uſeful, ſo large and ſo fertile a Country may be to her, where Hands and Food are ſo eaſily had, and may be turn'd to every Manufacture ſhe wants, as effectually as the Motion of an Army by a ſkilful General. And if ſhe knows it, can ſhe neglect it? Does ſhe want to be told, where ſhe may moſt properly and providently give all the vaſt Sums ſhe pays, for Hempen and Linen Manufactures to our Neighbours round the *Baltick*? Does ſhe underſtand what Gain ſhe wou'd make, if the Lands here were raiſed by Trade and Manufactures, to a Million more than they now ſet for, and how ſoon this may be done? Is ſhe yet to learn, that by encouraging the Woollen Buſineſs here, in ſuch Articles only, as her Rivals underſell her in, ſhe wou'd effectually recover them out of their Hands, by employing the *Iriſh*, who by paying no Taxes on their Milk and Potatoes, can underſell

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the World? Is ſhe Ignorant what ſhe might make, by compleatly working our Mines, by opening our Trade to her Plantations effectually, and to Name no more by ſetting up extended Fiſheries here, (the Gain from which one wou'd be tempted to think, was hinted by *Chriſt*'s bidding St. *Peter*, take Money out of the Fiſhes Mouth) and thereby beſides the Profit of what we vend, breeding Thouſands of Mariners to man her Navy. If theſe are certain Facts, I hope you will allow me without Grumbling, to aſſert two plain Truths; firſt that there never was a Nation ſo Affectionate, ſo Loyal as *Ireland*; and ſecondly, That there never was a rebellious People ſo much ſuſpected, ſo long neglected, and ſo faintly, ſo coldly encourag'd to ſerve her.

PRIOR. Tho' I cannot agree with you, Mr. *Dean*, in ſome of theſe Particulars, yet I will avoid Wrangling with an old Friend; but I muſt ſay you are too ready to lay blame upon *England*; when our own People are more to be reproach'd than our Neighbours, who have more Affairs of their own on their Hands, than they can get well manag'd. If we fairly weigh Things, we will find our Countrymen faulty in many Regards; and indeed I have ſuch a Bead-roll of Accuſations againſt them, that I know not where I had beſt begin the Attack.

SWIFT. Hold! *Tom*, hold! Dead or Living, I wou'd never allow any Man to attack *Ireland*, but myſelf; however when I am out of Breath, you ſhall be permitted to aſſiſt me now, and then. I muſt ingeniouſly own, I ſee ſo many Miſtakes in their ways

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of Thinking and Acting, that the more I conſider them, the more I look on *Ireland*, as in a dangerous Condition. The firſt Thing I ſhall touch at, is that terrible want of publick Spirit, which we are notoriouſly defective in; tho' like the Pulſe in the human Body, where it is wanting, Death is nigh! all Countries are grealty help'd by this nobleſt Paſſion of the human Mind: But this Iſland muſt be abſolutely loſt, without its Aſſiſtance. We are ſo Circumſtanced in ſeveral Views, that nothing can keep us above Water, and much leſs make us flouriſh, but the whole of our Gentry, joining one and all, to rouſe themſelves and the Nation, by encouraging every Art, every additional Method of employing us, that they can ſettle here. And yet how few have I known, who exerted themſelves this way, or ſeem'd to know it was their Intereſt, or to think it their Duty. I remember in ſome Accounts of *Portugal*, I have met a Relation of the vaſt Good that is done there, by the famous merciful Society, as they call it very deſervedly. It is compoſed of the moſt diſtinguiſh'd Perſons in the Kingdom, who all contribute their Quota's to the relieving in a private Manner, all deſerving People, (and Tradeſmen eſpecially) who are in want. The Steward who is annually Choſen, is always one of the moſt Illuſtrious of the Nobility; and cannot avoid ſpending 5000 *l.* in theſe Charities, to come off with Honour, and keep up the Glory of his Truſt. Now I will venture to affirm, tho' we have vaſtly the Superiority over *Portugal*, as to the Numbers of Noblemen and Gentlemen of great Fortunes in *Ireland*; yet it wou'd be a vain Attempt to endeavour to eſtabliſh ſuch a gene-

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rous Society here. This makes me Tremble for a People ſo deſerted and neglected as ours; for unleſs the Rich, and the Great, and the Powerful, give largely to the Encouragement of Arts and Induſtry, and ſet Examples of Virtue and Goodneſs, and a Love of their Country before us, there can be little hopes of this or any other Nation, being made completely eaſy or happy. Men of larger Fortunes, ſhou'd ſhew they have larger Hearts than others, or they ought like the old *Romans* to ſuffer a voluntary Degradation, and deſcend from their State and mix with the meaneſt *Plebeians*. If they Act ſo as to do Honour to their Anceſtors, and give ſhining Proofs of Truth, Piety, Worth and Benevolence; Numbers will Copy them with Joy; but without this, we may as well expect an Army will be brave, where the Generals, Colonels and Captains are Cowards, as that a Nation ſhall ſhew publick Spirit, or be Virtuous, Religious and Charitable, where their Superiors have oppoſite Characters. Let all who are eminent for Wealth or Birth, or Parts, ſeriouſly lay this to Heart, and conſider how much the Immorality and Miſery, or the Virtue and Proſperity of their Country, is chargeable to them and their Conduct; and it will not fail of ſtirring up a generous Emulation, who ſhall be moſt diſtinguiſh'd, in aſſiſting the whole of our People, in Thinking and Acting better, and more nobly than they have hitherto done.

PRIOR. That too few have Acted thus, muſt be acknowledg'd; but ſome there have been among them, who have done Honour to their Families, and raiſed

raiſed their own Characters, by the applauded Parts they have Acted, for the Service of their Country.

SWIFT. At the ſame Time, *Tom*, one wou'd wonder ſuch Examples ſhou'd not be more frequent; for how dreadful how contemptible a Figure, in the ſight of God and Man, muſt he make, who with the Advantages of Birth, and Fortune, and Power, ſeems to labour to be remembred, Living and Dead, only for being given up to the baſeſt and moſt brutal Vices, or at beſt for his ſenſeleſs Splendour, by living like an *Epicure*, or acting the Gameſter, or for his great Stables or well-cover'd Table, his well-fill'd Cellar, or to heighten his Character ſtill higher, his Debts and his Drabs. Such Men ruin and corrupt the World, by their Examples; they ſneer at Virtue and Sobriety, they make a Jeſt of loving or ſerving this poor Iſland, and Ridicule the very Name of a Patriot; and while they withhold their Contribution, to every good Deſign, they make Sport of laviſhing their Fortunes in Folly, and ruining their Conſtitution by Vice, and they even Laugh at Religion, and ſhew an equal Contempt for their God and their Country. It is odd, that few can be Stupid enough not to ſee, that every Man's private Intereſt and Happineſs, let him be ever ſo great, is involv'd in that of the Publick; and yet few or none will Labour to ſerve the Publick, ſo far as to think for or ſupport its Intereſt, whenever they have an Opportunity. I labour'd to rouſe it up amongſt us, for a Number of Years, to no Purpoſe, and I am apprehenſive, that our beſt Ground to hope, to ſee this Spirit revive here, is that Poſterity may hereafter exert it effectually, when they ſee this Iſland

Iſland ruin'd, by the little Regard that is ſhewn for it now. However I muſt ſay (if any Thing in *Ireland* were worth complaining about) that it is a little hard, we muſt be Ruin'd before we are reform'd, juſt as Shipwrecks ſet up Light-houſes, to ſecure future Sailors in their Voyages. This wou'd enrage one, *Tom*, if a noble Scorn did not cool our Fury.

PRIOR. Theſe Thoughts diſturb the Breaſts of the Dead, as well as the Paſſions of the Living; for it is certain if our higher People ſhew'd a true publick Spirit, it wou'd produce vaſt Effects amongſt us; it wou'd ſtir up Invention, Induſtry and Emulation, and in a Word awaken every Genius, every uſeful Man in this Kingdom. We have had very extraordinary Perſons Born and Educated here, and we wou'd have them ſtill, if our Leaders wou'd make uſe of that plain Method, by proper Premiums to raiſe Seed-Beds and Nurſeries for them, and uſe our Youth to think, and to excell. How eaſily might they call out every one's beſt Qualities, to the propereſt Purpoſes, and encourage every Man, who finds he has the Seeds of Virtue, the Power of Thinking and Acting for himſelf or others, and a proper force of Mind, to try how far his Abilities can go. If this can't be brought about, and if for want of ſuch a miſerable Stock of common Senſe and common Virtue in *Ireland*, we are to be left to ourſelves, and employ'd in doing nothing but making a little Linen, I can only ſay, we are the moſt negligent and neglected People under Heaven.

SWIFT.

SWIFT. Ah *Tom! Tom!* what muſt we think of our Phyſicians, where our Diſeaſes are ſo dangerous and are yet ſo manageable, and where the Remedies are ſo eaſy and parable? Where nothing but ſlighting our Diſorders can make our Cure doubtful, and where they give over the Patient barely for want of being feed? What muſt become of a Country, where about 600,000*l.* of its Rents are annually ſpent Abroad, by a Crowd of Paricides, which we call Abſentees; where as much more is ſpent at home, in foreign Growths or Manufactures by *Iriſh* Suicides, and the reſt is laid out in Dreſs and Equipage, in Gaming and Drinking, and Horſe-Racing, except a Pittance that is ſcrambled for, by our Labourers and Workmen to buy Potatoes and Whiſky, and once in a Month, half a Peck of Meal for the Children of the Nation. What will become of a Kingdom, whoſe Manufactures are the Scorn of its own Inhabitants; who will not Drink of their own Liquors, write on their own Paper, or be fed with their own Bread, as I obſerv'd before, and can't obſerve too often: Nay, where the Poor by giving into theſe fine Faſhions, ſeem as well inclin'd to deſtroy us as the Rich? What muſt become of a Nation of Beggars, and none to relieve them? What muſt become of a Country, where the common People make as much Intereſt, to be put on the Liſt of the Pariſh Poor, and be authorized to Starve upon Charity; as their Landlords, and 'Squires do to get a Place or a Sallary, to make amends to them, for outruning their Fortunes, and to appear like dignified Beggars, who for ruining themſelves and the Nation, are Nurſed at the publick

Charge

Charge, as the *Athenians* uſed to keep their true Patriots, in the *Areopagus* on Penſion, when old and reduced in their Service.

PRIOR. Why indeed, Mr. *Dean*———

SWIFT. Indeed, *Tom*, I have not done, nor I won't be interrupted. I ſay what will become of a Nation, where we are charg'd ſo immenſely for unbuilt or ill-built Barracks, for our Soldiers which we cannot uſe, which we did not want; and where we won't lay out a neceſſary Expence to build Houſes of Correction, that wou'd force every Idler to Labour, and tho' we know that Idleneſs is the Seed of Rebellion? What will become of a Nation, where we ſpend immenſely to ruin it, and grudge laying out a few Shillings, or the ſmalleſt Tax to ſerve it, by encouraging our People to Labour and be Induſtrious? Where we are grown ſo heedleſs and unthinking, that our political Creed, muſt be as often repeated in our Ears, as our Religious one, before we will take care to underſtand, or ſhew we believe it by our Practice? Where we are ſo notoriouſly Dull, or ſo artificially Inſenſible, that we muſt be told our true Intereſt a thouſand Times over, before we'll regard it, or where thoſe who know our true Intereſt beſt, will Sacrifice it either to their Vanity, Eaſe, Pleaſure or Ambition, or at leaſt to their giddy, ſenſeleſs, Careleſsneſs? What muſt become of a Kingdom, where we are grown ſo reſign'd, that we no more offer to complain of the hardneſs of our Caſe, if two or three honeſt Gentlemen bid us hold our Tongue, than a dying Man againſt the Will of Heaven? Where we either ſeem to have loſt the Senſe

Senſe of Groaning by the length of our Diſtemper, or by knowing from long Experience, it will be in vain; or elſe that we fear bawling, as in the Houſe of Correction, will but increaſe the Blows, both as to Number and Smart. Where People keep their Tongues in their Pockets, as Highway-Men do their Piſtols, never to be pull'd out but in hopes of getting Money; and where ſo many, of our moſt eminent Guardians and Repreſentatives, command Men to be ſilent and quiet and bear all, as the Executioner ſaid to Don * *Carlos*, when he was ſtruggling to hinder his being Strangled, 'Tis for your good Don *Carlos!* be quiet, 'tis for your Good!' Nay what will become of a Nation, where whoever Attempts to help it, is either mark'd out for Deſtruction, as I was by a certain Lord Chief Juſtice, or revil'd and hated.

PRIOR. There *Dean*, you muſt give me leave to ſay, you certainly go too far, to hate our Benefactors is not in human Nature.

SWIFT. Whether 'tis in human Nature I know not, but I am ſure 'tis in *Ireland*; for I found myſelf hated there ſincerely by different People, and for different Reaſons. I was actually hated, by all who cou'd help it, but would not or durſt not, and by all who wou'd help it themſelves and knew not how, and abhorr'd to have it done by others. I was hated by all who long'd to hurt it, but as they cou'd not, deteſted thoſe that hindered them, and by all who do not Care to have great Examples ſet them, which

* *The King of* Spain's *Son put to Death privately by his Order.*

they are not fond of following, and laſtly by all who neither love any Thing or any body but themſelves, their Intereſts or Pleaſures, and who had as lieve talk of ſerving Heaven as their Country. Indeed the common People who come not under theſe Diſtinctions, lov'd me well enough to Drink my Health, eſpecially, when I gave them the Liquor; and I doubt not wou'd have accompanied me to the Gallows, with many a zealous Prayer, if I had been Hanged for Writing for them. But at the ſame Time my Character was revil'd and attack'd with a Number of ſcandalous Stories, and my Zeal and my Patriotiſm expoſed to Deriſion; and I was ſo far from having any Regard ſhewn me by my Governors, that in a Country where Numbers get Penſions for nothing, and Places for Services that were never done, I was not once offer'd any additional Preferment to my Deanery, and I ſcorn'd or rather deteſted not only to Aſk, but even to Wiſh for it, as I vow'd to you before. Moſt Nations indeed are but too apt to be thankleſs to their Deliverers, but this above all others, and the *Comperit invidiam ſupremo fine domari*, I found too often verified in myſelf and my Intereſts; and my Character too frequently and too barbarouſly inſulted when Living; and now when I am laid in my Grave, they are grudging their Half-Crowns, to raiſe me a Monument, that will not laſt as many Months, as I writ Pages for them.

PRIOR. It is an Happineſs, if the World proves ungrateful to the great and excellent Perſons, who ſerve and adorn the Age that is bleſt with them, that they have a ſcorn for the Opinions of Men, or even

their

their Love or their Hatred, their Preferments or Honours. It is but a poor Sentiment of the illuſtrious *Xenophon*'s, 'That Praiſe is ſweet to thoſe, who are Conſcious they deſerve it;' for on the contrary, I believe moſt of thoſe, who truly deſerve Praiſe, have look'd on it as the pooreſt and loweſt Reward of well-doing. Great Minds who aim in their beſt Actions at the Glory of their Maker, and the pleaſing that Author of all Good, by labouring to imitate him here below, have ſuperior Views, and do not only look down with a generous Diſdain on the Applauſe of others, as it is really trivial and mean, but alſo as they know, they never receive it pure, but daſh'd with the Malice of Detractors, and the Spleen of thoſe little Souls, who Envy them. As they are Deaf to their Praiſe, ſo great Minds from their natural Superiority, bear the Malice of their Enemies with equal Indifference, and ſtrive to Copy after him whom they ſerve, by ſmiling at, and over-looking the baſe Ingratitude of thoſe they have done Good to. I am ſenſible, *Dean*, as even your Donations will ſurvive both the World and your own Name, you know from whom to expect your Wages, and when they will be paid you; but really when one conſiders, what wretched wicked, ſenſeleſs, Mortals crowd this World, it wou'd make one, out of Countenance to be actuated merely by a Love to themſelves and Deſcendants, without any Regard to him, who has commanded us to aſſiſt and befriend them.

SWIFT. I agree with you entirely; I have obſerved and ſtudied Mankind too long, not to know the *animali Initus & in Cute*, and to look on their Service as per-

fect Slavery. I have lov'd ſome odd Men in my Time, but the whole Race in a Lump, are a dreadful Carnage of Sins and Infirmities, Errors and Failings, Reaſon and Paſſion, that make a kind of Twilight in the beſt Underſtandings, that is neither Day nor Night, Knowledge or Ignorance, Vice or Virtue; but a kind of Olio of them all. Even the higheſt Characters have their weak-ſides, and the moſt refin'd, their Defects and their Failures, with all the Infirmities which Fleſh is heir to, and this World where we dwell is apt to taint Men with. Nay I muſt tell you in ſome Verſes of mine, which never fell into *Faulkner*'s Hands,

Prone to all Ill, the Fleſh ſtill warps the Soul,
Hung like a Byaſs on the devious Bowl.
This gives a worldly Caſt to all we do,
Tho' Patriots, Heroes, Saints,——we're Sinners too!
Tho' ſome quite faultleſs in their Lives appear,
Yet chain'd to this infectious Dungeon here,
Men ſmall of Earth, like Priſ'ners of their Jail,
And tainted from the Womb, the beſt are Frail!

This is poor Poetry, *Tom*, but they are honeſt Thoughts, and ſuch (Death has taught me that Leſſon) are worth all the Wit in the World. But I ſhall quit this Subject, to return to another fear I have for the Proſperity of *Ireland*, and that is the terrible and ſenſeleſs Factions, that divide our unfortunate Countrymen. The firſt great Diviſion among them, is their Diſputes about ſpiritual Matters, as Proteſtants and Papiſts. It is not the Danger to the State that alarms me, for that is quite over; but the Indiſpoſition to Unity and mutual Affection; by which

which means the Kingdom is leſſen'd in its force and weight, while we ſeem to drag like a Man in a Palſy, one half of our Body after the other, which ought to co-operate with it.

PRIOR. I muſt add to what you mention, Mr. *Dean*, that it is a terrible Circumſtance, to be ſurrounded by Chatholick Neighbours, who many of them think they wou'd do God good Service, if they extirpated Hereſy out of this Iſland; and therefore till we can get Prieſts with better Principles, or remove ſuch inhuman Prejudices, by giving their People better Opinions, than that they ought to perſecute a Proteſtant with Fire and Sword; we ſhall ever be a feeble diſunited Nation. We to this Hour ſuffer under a loſs of Blood and Spirits, from former Wars, Rebellions and Maſſacres; but as it is probable they will every Day, be leſs bigotted, and as their living and converſing ſo much with the Proteſtants, and their going into their ways of Thinking and Living, has taken off the Edge of their Animoſity; one wou'd hope we ſhall be in no Danger from ſuch Accidents bereafter.

SWIFT. I wiſh and believe it, *Tom*, in Charity; yet ſtill their Religion, and their ſuperſtitious Pilgrimages, Nunneries, Holidays, (as we diſcourſed already) make them lazy and indolent; and their yearly Lents, and weekly Faſts, indiſpoſe if they do not diſable their labouring Poor to Work as much as their Wants require; the ſpiritual Taxes which they pay their numerous Clergy, of all Denominations, who in the Words of the Prophet, 'Eat up the Sins

of

of the People, keep them very low, and unable, as well as unwilling to join us in ſerving the Nation; and their Language and Manners tho' improv'd, yet ſtill continue ſuch a Difference between us and them, as muſt long keep us disjointed, and therefore broken in our Strength as a Community. At preſent we make a ſhift to live Civily together, but are ſo far from being cloſely United, as by Care and Management we might be; that we ſeem like ſome married Couples, to be rather yoak'd together by Law, than tied by mutual Affection. But I ſhall paſs over this great Source of Diſſention among us, as much as it hurts us, to take Notice of another ill-omen'd Circumſtance to our Welfare, and that is the terrible Parties and Factions among Proteſtants, which alſo quite enervate our Force as a Nation. I remember when I liv'd in *England*, in the four laſt ſtormy Years of Queen *Ann*'s Reign, I made a few Verſes, (tho' I never Printed them for fear of Lord *Bollinbroke)* on High and Low Church, which may be applied to *Ireland* on this Occaſion.

For as two Sawyers in a Pit,
Toiling a maſſy Beam to Slit,
A like their Skill and Proweſs ſhow,
While one draws High and t'other Low.
So WHIG *and* TORY, BRITAIN *tear*
Aſunder, and her Strength impair.
While Factions all their Arts renew,
To cut the Nation into Two.

This will ever weaken all Governments tho' never ſo ſtrongly cemented otherwiſe; but in *Ireland* it muſt add Ruin to our natural Infirmities.

PRIOR.

PRIOR. It is very true, and yet we cheriſh Factions as if we were to thrive by them, tho' they prey on the Vitals of our Country, but I believe there is no Nation in *Europe*, that acts ſo much againſt her own Welfare as *Ireland*, or ſuffers more remarkably by it. The great Maxim of it's being madneſs to Truſt Men's Promiſes and Engagements, but that we are quite ſafe to Truſt their real Intereſts, ſeldom holds true in *Ireland*, for here you may truſt Men's Words ſafely in moſt Things, but they are ſcarce ever to be depended on, where you wou'd imagine the Intereſt of the Kingdom ſecures them to you. It is ſtrange to conſider the Violence alſo with which they Act againſt each other, for if ſome hot People had their Will, they wou'd in their Conteſts hang up one third of the Nation on ill Reports, and then on the leaſt Turn of the Tide, when they cool, they are as ready to String up all their beloved Informers, as Slanderers; if that general Inclination People have to liſten to Malice, did not prevail on them to ſpare them.

SWIFT. One wou'd imagine where ſo much Paſſion is ſhewn, that they wrangled for ſomething very Important; but as it is obſerv'd, that none are ſo litigious as the Poor, becauſe they have but little to loſe, ſo our People keep up the heat of their Parties (which if it cools, like that of a Glaſs-Houſe all Work ſtops) by every Trifle, by every Word, by every Donbt, that can give the leaſt Colour for a Difference. In a high Sea and a weak crazy Ship, one wou'd ſuppoſe there ſhou'd be no Diſpute in the

Crew, but who ſhou'd ſtop the Leaks and ply the Pumps faſteſt; but we mind every Thing but our ſafety, which we ſacrifice to our ardour for Noiſe and Wrangling, and prefer our Reſentments to our Lives. If our great Partiſans of both Sides, diſputed, who ſhou'd ſerve their Country moſt eſſentially, or who ſhou'd promote the Tillage or Manufactures of the Kingdom in the beſt Manner, it wou'd make us the the happieſt of Nations. This wou'd be as noble a Contention of our Demagogues, as that of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*, for the Grandeur and Glory of *Rome* and *Alba*, and wou'd end like that in Reconcilement and Peace. If any Thing cou'd calm or unite us, the ſingle Reflection wou'd do it, that if the joint force and weight of the Nation, was employ'd in puſhing on its true Intereſts, (whenever they came to be debated) nothing cou'd withſtand or endanger them. But we break our Strength, by crumbling into mean Diviſions, petty Intereſts and private Views; and while every one's Charity begins at home, the Publick is beggar'd and no one relieves it. The general Welfare is quite over-look'd, while low-minded Wretches are taking Care of their particular Advantages; and I have ever obſerv'd that when Places and Penſions and Preferments were ſettled, the real Buſineſs of the Nation and its Parties, was thought to be as providentially adjuſted, as that of a Match between two Families, when the Portion and Jointures, and Proviſions for younger Children were agreed on. In ſhort, *Tom*, the Miſery of our Caſe is, that the good of our Country, like the Happineſs of another Life, is oftner talk'd of for ſhew, than purſued in reality.

PRIOR.

PRIOR. Indeed *Dean*, I have very long regarded, our Contentions and Parties in this Kingdom, in the ſame Light you do, and that inſtead of ever keeping in View the great Intereſts of *Ireland*, Men bawl out their Country! their Country! and mean nothing but themſelves, advancing their Leaders, and thereby ſecuring proper Emoluments, for every little Slave and Hireling that join with them. But what is moſt ſurprizing is, that while People are ſo cool to the Publick Intereſts, and to Things of the higheſt Importance; they are furious for Trifles, and every Imagination, every Gueſs, every nothing will ſet their Paſſions in a Flame.

SWIFT. I have often lamented that Circumſtance, as to this poor Iſland. In truth, *Tom*, our Diviſions and Factions here, are frequently as ſilly as thoſe of two Gameſters, who tho' they play for nothing, will Quarrel dreadfully about cutting and dealing the Cards, and winning the Game. I am aſham'd to ſay it, but the Conteſts and brawling of Children at their Puſh-pin, are ſometimes ſubſtantial Things, to the Jangles and Feuds, I have known our Parties on ſome Occaſions contend about, and alas! all we get by it, is to give our Enemies Pleaſure, and our Friends Deſpair, while they ſee our wretched Country, quite forgot in the Squabble, and nothing but Power and Places, private Gain and ſordid Intereſts attended to. But I will dwell no longer on this melancholy Subject, which looks ſo ill for this poor Kingdom, and I will now go to another Topick, in which the Conduct of our Countrymen is altogether as blameable, and is as fatal a Proof of their Coldneſs to the publick Intereſts; and that is their

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ſtrange Neglect in finiſhing our Northren Canal, and completing our Collieries in *Tyrone*.

PRIOR. I can never think of the ſcandalous Miſmanagements in both thoſe Affairs, without Shame and Concern. They are a Diſgrace to our Country, either as to the Honeſty or the Skillfulneſs of the Undertakers, as to different Parts of the Works relating to the Canal, as alſo as to the conducting the Deſign, and diſburſing the Money employed on the Collieries.

SWIFT. We are not only the ſloweſt Thinkers of what will do us Good, but we are the moſt ſlothful alſo, in bringing ſuch Thoughts into Execution. The *Newry* Canal has been carried on, under the Sanction of an Act of Parliament, and the Superintendance of the Navigation-board above twenty Years: And tho' in *Holland*, ſuch a Work wou'd have been finiſh'd in half the Time, and by ſuperior Skill, Oeconomy, and Honeſty, at half the Expence; yet, after laying out immenſe Sums, there are ſtill many Thouſands wanting to make it a truly finiſh'd Affair. As with much ado we found out, that our own Hills abounded with the nobleſt Coal in the World, and that our Poverty forced us to conſider, that we paid on an Average about 60000 *l.* a Year for *Whitehaven* Coal, the Nation at laſt undertook making the Canal from *Lough Neagh*, to the Sea, in Hopes they wou'd turn that vaſt Drain of Money, when we cou'd ſtop it, to better Purpoſes at home. Accordingly great Funds were aſſigned it, and an infinite Number of Hands and Heads (or People that wore Heads) employed on it for a long Space of Time; and yet after vaſt Sputter, erring and re-erring

ring, correcting and re-correcting, and expending near 60000 *l.* the Work is far from being compleated; nor can we yet ſay we are ſecure of our Canal or our Coal. Much has been promis'd, and yet by Miſmanagements or Misfortunes, and different Obſtacles, little has been done to anſwer the Expectations that were raiſed; and tho' we were aſſured we ſhou'd in a few Years have at leaſt 20000 Ton of Coals brought every Year to *Dublin*, to help our Poor, we have not yet got 500.

PRIOR. I cannot account for the Diſappointment, and it well deſerves the Nation's Enquiry. If, as I heard good Judges ſay, the Work could have been finiſh'd in five Years Time, what have we loſt, who for the laſt fifteen Years, have paid ſuch vaſt Sums to *Whitehaven*, that we might have ſaved? And how much better had we managed, had we laid out double what it has coſt us at the firſt, and cut ſhort both our Loſs and our Trouble?

SWIFT. Very true; but inſtead of this, they have, with true *Iriſh* Policy, contrived to give large Sallaries to ſome Favourites to carry on the Work, and thus, in Effect, brib'd them to delay the Undertaking they were hired to finiſh. Thus theſe Plotters againſt themſelves ſink this noble, generous Deſign, into a low, miſerable Job, and inſtead of aſſiſting the Kingdom, they provide for five or ſix Families, that live comfortably on protracting the Execution. If the Colliery Company, whoſe Intereſt it is to finiſh the Canal, wou'd undertake the completing it, and fix the Terms with the Navigation-Board, we ſhou'd ſoon

ſee

the Matters well mended; but till that is done, we ſhall get nothing but half-work for double Time, and treble Charges.

Prior. The Board will take Care of it; but though they ſhou'd exert themſelves ever ſo warmly, in finiſhing the Canal, we can never hope for the Coal, unleſs the Nation makes a Waggon-Way of about 5000 Yards to the River; and as this will coſt as many thouſand Pounds, we muſt wait at leaſt a Summer or two for that, in caſe the Parliament ſhou'd generouſly add this ſmall Sum to all their former Bounties. When I conſider, that this Kingdom loſes ſo immenſely every Year, that we want our Canal and our Coals, it makes me uneaſy to think, we are after ſo many Years diſputing about them, when we ought to be enjoying them; but as the remaining Part of the Expence, to finiſh this noble Deſign, is quite inconſiderable, compared to the Benefit we expect from it; and as the Nation muſt not be trifled with any longer, I hope we ſhall ſee it ſoon compleated. For ſome Years it has had the good Fortune, to be conducted through many Obſtacles, under the Direction of a Prelate *, to whoſe Skill and Zeal, whenever the Canal ſucceeds, *Ireland* is deeply indebted, and will be forever oblig'd on that Account, to mention his Name with Honour. This is an encouraging Circumſtance, and this further Hope of its Succeſs, is left us, that it is now in the Hands of the natural Guardians of our Country, the Parliament; and as they well know what a vaſt Influence cheap or dear Coals have on many of our

* His Grace of *Tuam*.

Manu-

Manufactures, they will never let us be much longer deprived of this Bleſſing, which we expect from their Zeal to relieve all the Wants of *Ireland*.

SWIFT. They need not be told, (though however if I was alive I would tell them of it) that if it coſt us 20000 *l.* more, the Deſign well deſerves it; and if it took a much larger Sum, it wou'd be a cheap Purchaſe of 60000 *l. per Annum* ſaved to *Ireland*, which will be unqueſtionably the Caſe in a few Years. After having been ſuch Spendthrifts ſo long, it looks like Impudence for us to talk of ſaving; but as Sickneſs is ſometimes the Cauſe of Health, ſo Misfortunes and Miſconduct may force us to be happy. It ſeems impoſſible, that either our Canal, or our Collieries, can any longer be delayed or neglected, and much leſs left in utter Danger of miſcarrying, as I know it was for ſome Time; but I muſt ſay, it is a Grief to every Friend of *Ireland*, and a Satire on our Underſtandings, as well as our public Spirit, that we were ſo long in diſcovering ſuch a Leak, and afterwards ſo tedious in ſtopping it up. If we were not a Nation as much made for Plunder, as ſmaller Animals are for Prey, we ſhould long ſince have remedied this and many other Evils; but 'tis our peculiar Lot, to ſtarve, like our old Friend *Tantalus*, with the Meat at our Mouths, to want Bread with the richeſt Fields in *Europe* under our Feet, and to want Fire with the nobleſt Mountains of Coals before our Eyes.

PRIOR. To ſee our Errors is one good Step to remove them; and if once our Legiſlature ſets vigorouſly about proper Methods and Remedies for all our Diſtreſſes,

Diſtreſſes, there is Hope that their Zeal may make Things take a happier Turn, for this poor Kingdom.

SWIFT. I wiſh I may ſee ſuch a bleſſed Change in our Affairs, but Seaſons and Aſpects are a little unpromiſing; and what diſcourages me the more is, another dreadful Quality of our People, that of their being ſo ready to deſert and forſake their Country, which they leave as ſillily as Birds quit their Neſts, upon every little Fright or Diſturbance, or juſt to gratify a wandering Humour, and to chuſe a Situation they like better. Our Noblemen and Gentlemen leave us for Pleaſure and Amuſement, and our Poor for Bread and Wages, which we cannot or will not provide them at home; and ſome run off for mere Safety, as they ſee our Diſtreſſes, and fly from us by the ſame ſort of Inſtinct that Rats forſake a falling Houſe. Thus a Family where the Maſter firſt deſerts the Children, and then the Servants follow his Example, can hardly be reduced to a worſe Condition than we are, by this epidemical Madneſs of wandering to *England*. Though the great Gain ſhe makes by their reſiding there, will never allow her to drive them back to us, yet one wou'd expect the very Contempt and Neglect they meet with there, wou'd make them return to a Country, where they wou'd be ſo much honour'd, and where they well know they are ſo much wanted. At the ſame Time I make no doubt, if the old Statutes, which puniſh'd all Abſentees with the Forfeiture of their Lands here, were to be revived, and they were thereby obliged, to improve the Induſtry, Arts and Manufactures of our People, *England* wou'd in

Time

Time receive great Advantages by the Change. Mean while they, and all the Earth, ſee the Deſtruction they bring on us, by their deſerting us in ſo ungenerous a Manner; and tho' the Cauſe and the Cure are ſo evident, it avails us no more, than the Knowledge of his Diſtemper does the poor Wretch that lies a dying. If they ſtay'd with us, and help'd us, we ſhou'd ſoon recover our natural Strength of Conſtitution, and become both an induſtrious and an important People; whereas now, we are almoſt a Cypher in the active and commercial World, and a mere Appendix to another Nation; while, like ill-coupled Hounds, by drawing different Ways, we ſometimes rather diſturb than help one another. If I had Hopes to get a Law paſs'd, to burn every Clergyman who does not reſide, to hang every Gentleman, and behead every Nobleman, who deſert their Country for their Amuſement, I wou'd even be content to return to the World, and ſollicit Votes for it; but without taking up the Burden of Life again, I ſhou'd feel Joy in my Grave, to have their Eſtates ſaddled with a conſtant Tax as a Fine for Abſence. How lightly ſoever Gentlemen regard this Deſertion of their native Soil, it is certainly a Crime no good or great Mind can be capable of: And the Officer who quits his Quarters, or the Sailor who forſakes his Ship, do not better deſerve to be mulk'd in their Pay than they do.

PRIOR. I think it a little odd, Mr. *Dean*, that while we ſee our Countrymen deſerting us ſo generally, and lament it ſo loudly, we yet take ſuch Meaſures as if we thought they did not go away faſt enough; and therefore ſend off our Criminals, to labour, and breed,

and

and enrich *America*. Tho' this wretched Iſland is the moſt improvable, and the leaſt improved Part of the habitable Earth, we drive away from us our Felons, though, if we kept them confin'd to hard Labour, the Kingdom wou'd receive all the Profit of their Work, and by this Means a converted Criminal, like a penitent Sinner, wou'd be of more Uſe, and a better Man, than if he had never tranſgreſſed at all.

SWIFT. There may be ſome ill Conſequences in that Method of puniſhing Felons, as well as ſome good ones; for in a Complication of Diſorders, ſuch as *Ireland* labours under, what helps the one is pernicious to the other. It is our peculiar Miſery, that the Deſertion of ſome of our People does not hurt us more, than the Sleepineſs, the Inactivity and Heedleſſneſs of thoſe that ſtay behind. Many of our common *Iriſh* know as little of the Benefits of uſeful Labour, as the Savages in the *Weſt Indies*; and are more inclined to live by Theft and Rapine, than by uſing their Hands and toiling their Bodies. Nay, Crowds of our Gentlemen are as indolent (as we obſerved on another Occaſion) as their Slaves are lazy; and ſeem as unwilling to improve their Eſtates, as if they thought their Tenures were as uncertain, and as ſubject to Change, as ever their Anceſtors found them. At preſent, there are few Kingdoms in *Europe*, where the Titles to them are ſo indiſputably ſettled as they are in *Ireland*, and yet they improve more in *France*, where all depends on the King's Will, than in *Ireland*, where the Property of the Subject is ſo impregnably ſecured by the Laws. Of ſuch Force is the Genius of a Nation in regulating our Manners, and forming

our

our Cuſtoms. I aſſure you, dear *Tom*, I could name Crowds of our *Iriſh* Gentlemen, that wou'd double their Eſtates, if they would live on them, and ditch them, and drain them, and build them, and plant them, with half the Skill and Application of a rich ſenſible Farmer in *England*; nay, I know ſome of them that are ſo ſituated, that they would quadruple their Rents in ſome Years, if they wou'd build Towns, and ſet up Manufactures on them with proper Care. There are few of them that have not before their Eyes (if they wou'd open them) Inſtances of theſe Things in every County, and yet are no more influenced by it, than if there was no more Encouragement for Arts or Induſtry, thinking or working, in this Iſland, than there is in *Borneo* or *Madagaſcar*.

PRIOR. There are many Reaſons to be aſſigned, for this great Miſtake in the Conduct of ſome of our *Iriſh* Gentlemen, Mr. *Dean*, if we wanted to examine into theſe Matters; but as to what you was ſaying, as to their neglecting to live, and plant, and build on their Eſtates, I have wondered, ſince we cannot hope to get a Law to force our Abſentees home, that we don't make one to oblige all Gentlemen, to build and keep in Repair one Manſion-houſe on their Lands, of ſuch and ſuch Dimenſions, with proper Offices, ſuitable to their Incomes. If this took in even Freeholders of 20 or 30 *l.* a Year, throughout the Kingdom, it would have a great Effect, and encreaſe the Number of our Inhabitants, in this deſerted Country, as well as the King's Revenue, by many thouſand additional Hearths, and comfortable Places of Reſidence. At the ſame Time, I cannot ſee one Objection to ſo uſeful a Law, but that nobody would get by it but the Public, and that many private Gentlemen and Abſentees wou'd be forced to be uſeful to us and their Families whether they wou'd or no, which wou'd probably be thought a terrible Hardſhip by ſome People.

SWIFT. Why, *Tom*, I cannot but ſay, ſuch a Law wou'd be of great Uſe in ſo naked a Country as this,

where one wou'd imagine many of us were deſcended from the Ringleaders in the Building the Tower of *Babel*; and that by their being then puniſhed, for meddling too much in Stone and Morter, we have contracted an Averſion to all Building ever ſince; but whenever ſuch a Law is to be paſs'd, I could wiſh they wou'd add another to it, that wou'd not only build our Country, but plant it ſurpriſingly too.

PRIOR. And pray what Law is it? For I am ready, like ſome good Patriots (who get others to think for them) to vote for it, right or wrong; nay, before I know what it is, ſince ſo good a Friend propoſes it.

SWIFT. Why, my Act of Parliament is enough to frighten all good Proteſtants, and is to impower every Landlord, notwithſtanding Settlements, to ſet Leaſes for ever, of ten or twenty Acres, even to Papiſts, at the full reſerved Rent, who wou'd build good Houſes of Stone and Lime, of ſuch and ſuch Dimenſions, and incloſe and plant an Orchard and Garden of at leaſt one Acre, and keep them in Repair, on pain of voiding the Tenure. This wou'd, in a few Years, increaſe the Number of our Houſes and Orchards prodigiouſly; and the more as our Natives are very fond of having Lands and Tenements in their own Country, and are willing to give this Pledge of their Allegiance, which ſo many of them, for Want of ſuch Ties, ſit too looſe in. I am ſenſible what an Outcry, many honeſt Gentlemen wou'd make to this Law; but I am ſure it wou'd improve our Country to an high Degree; nor do I ſee what ſhou'd hinder us to allow Papiſts to purchaſe Lands, (and eſpecially the old forfeited Lands) to a limited Value, and without allowing them a Vote, provided they built and incloſed them in proportion to the Eſtate: But who can bear to throw away their Thoughts on a Nation, that mind their own Dreams and Habits of Thinking more than the Reaſonings of others; who cannot be prevailed on to ſet up new Manufactures, at the Inſtances and Exhortatio

hortations of a Lord Lieutenant, nay, not at the Advice, and, ſhall I add, even the Entreaties of that illuſtrious Patriot and Friend to *Ireland*, my Lord *Ch———d.*

PRIOR. You mean the making Paper here, which that Nobleman, with a Zeal equal to his Underſtanding, honoured me with ſo many Letters about; and took ſo much Pains, with many uſeful Friends of our Country, to get effectually eſtabliſhed in *Ireland.*

SWIFT. I do; and I want to vent my Spleen, in abuſing my Countrymen, for the inconſiderable Progreſs which has been made in ſo excellent a Deſign. Certainly, though we have made ſome Advances that Way, if we had carried them on with the leaſt Share of that Nobleman's Spirit, we ſhou'd have brought it to much greater Perfection than we have done. Even with what little Care and Encouragement we have beſtowed on it, if we continue to cultivate it, we may expect in ſome Years to improve it ſo far, as to be able to export large Quantities, and ſee it ſwell and increaſe, in proportion to the great Material for it, our Linen. But, as if we were afraid too many Arts wou'd enrich us too faſt, or take up more Hands than we cou'd ſpare; we have given this uſeful Undertaking ſo little Aſſiſtance, that it has by no means made the Advances we cou'd have expected from it; and we have juſt left it, like a lovely exotic Flower, to live or die at the Mercy of an unfavourable Seaſon, and a wintry Climate. This puts our Giddineſs, in overlooking every offered Advantage, and our Supineneſs as to all Attempts to improve our Circumſtances, in a very indifferent Light; we wear better Linen, and more of it, than moſt of our neighbouring Kingdoms, (our Numbers and Poverty fairly conſidered) nay, and we wear them to Rags too, and yet we will not ſave thoſe Rags for the Paper-mill; nor will we, when they are turned into Paper, buy it, while we can purchaſe better and dearer from *France* and *Holland.* In ſhort,

we are a People, *Tom*, miſerable amidſt a Crowd of Opportunities to be happy, for Want of a little Activity and Management, a little Sobriety and Care; and one of the moſt alleviating Circumſtances of my Death was, my being delivered from the Torment, of endeavouring to ſerve *Ireland* to no Purpoſe.

PRIOR. Indeed, Mr. *Dean*, I cannot but allow there is too much Truth in many of your Attacks and Abuſes of our unfortunate Countrymen; and yet I am tempted to return to my old Reveries, and to think, notwithſtanding all their Diſadvantages, if I had lived ten Years longer in *Ireland*, I ſhou'd have been able to have made vaſt Alterations among them for the better.

SWIFT. No, *Tom*, not if you had lived longer than *Methuſelah*. Conſider, Man, tho' there are Remedies for the Sick, and Helps for the Dying, there are none for the Dead; and in that Light, I have been uſed to conſider *Ireland* of a long Time. But prithee, *Tom*, let me know the whole of your Scheme; What wou'd you have done?

PRIOR. Why, if you will hear me calmly, Mr. *Dean*, I will give you a fair Account of what I wou'd have attempted at leaſt, and to open all my Heart to you, that was one of the main Subjects I called at your Tomb to talk to you on, to ſee if we could get any of theſe Crawlers on the Earth to attempt it, by our artfully ſuggeſting it to him. In ſhort, my Project was, by procuring greater and more numerous Subſcriptions, and by extending and enlarging the Plan of the *Dublin* Society, to have promoted more than ever the general Good of the Kingdom.

SWIFT. You might as well Talk to moſt People, of the general Good of *Japan*. I have told you already they have no Notions of ſuch Things: Their Thoughts, their Taſte, their Paſſions have another Turn. Did you expect to get more from thoſe, who think too much is given already? Why, Man, do you forget the Pains, the Application, the Time, and the

the Expence, it coſt an old Gentleman of our Acquaintance, to procure the firſt Subſcriptions? Recollect alſo, that after ſuch plain, viſible, good Effects were ſeen by the whole Kingdom, what Numbers of thoſe, who ſeemed to ſubſcribe with Zeal, withdrew their Subſcriptions; and then conſider what Succeſs you could have of obtaining larger and more numerous Contributions.

PRIOR. I am but too ſenſible, there would be ſome Difficulty in it, Mr. *Dean*; but, cold and dead as moſt Men are, to all great and generous Attempts to ſerve us, I know by Experience, that there are yet left in *Ireland* a few choſen Spirits, who wou'd have concurr'd in ſuch a Deſign, and who had Hearts and Fortunes ſuited to the Taſk, and almoſt equal to the Burthen. But happen what would, I am ſure, I ſhould have got ſome reaſonable additional Subſidies; and though poſſibly they would have been too ſmall to anſwer my Purpoſe; yet, ſtill, I ſhould at leaſt, have pav'd the Way for ſome happier Man who would have come after me; and I ſhould have the Comfort to think, that my too eager Zeal to ſerve others, and diſſerve myſelf, could not give great Offence; eſpecially, as Men are not likely to meet Impertinences of this Kind, every Day. This I am confident of, that the Uſe and Advantage which that Society, (bleſſed be God) has been of to *Ireland*, will ſecure a large adventitious Fund to her hereafter; and tho' by the Arts of evil Men, it may be damped, or dropped for ſome Years, there never will be wanting, worthy Spirits in the riſing Generation, who will remember how happily, that Society was ſet up and ſupported, by a few active Gentlemen; and, that it may be reſtored again, and an adequate Fund provided for it, by the ſame Reſolution and Zeal. But, after all, Mr. *Dean*, I make little Queſtion (if I had lived, to apply for larger Subſcriptions) I ſhould not have been diſappointed; and, if I had ſucceeded,

Ireland ſhould have had Cauſe to remember my good Fortune.

SWIFT. Alas! *Tom*, your Hopes were over-heated, I fear; though there are many Squanderers, there are few Givers in *Ireland* and even among thoſe few, the greater Part inſtead of giving their Benefactions while they live, and can ſee them well applied; are laid in their Graves, before their Donations are of uſe to the Living; for People only beſtow their Subſtance to others, as they do their old Cloathes to their Servants, when they can uſe them no longer. This, makes me fear, *Tom*, you would have got in few Contributions, among our own Countrymen. Alas! *Tom*, we ſeem to keep our Repentance for the Time paſt, and our Charity for the Future; but the poor preſent Time, is ſacrificed to the meaneſt Avarice, the falſeſt Pleaſures, or, the loweſt Ambition; without any Care of the general Welfare of our Country, or one ſocial Wiſh for the Happineſs of our People.

PRIOR. I allow all this would hold true, if the great and admirable Effects of the Society's Præmiums, did not make it highly probable, that I ſhould have prevailed with ſeveral of our worthieſt Countrymen, to have aſſiſted ſo great and ſo ſucceſsful an Undertaking. When Men ſee they have it in their Power, if they will join together, to deliver their Country from all it's calamitous Diſtreſſes; and to be themſelves the Sources of infinite Bleſſings to Millions yet unborn, their Hands rebell againſt their Hearts, and even Miſers learn to be bounteous. I am not ignorant, how much Men are under the Influence of their loweſt and pooreſt Paſſions, yet ſtill I am of Opinion, as Stingy as they generally are, if they evidently ſaw, where they could do much Good by their Benefactions, we ſhould have more of them in the World than we have.

SWIFT. I doubt, *Tom*, you miſtake that Matter egregiouſly, for nine Tenths of our Donations, I fear, proceed more from our Vanity than our Virtue.

Numbers

Numbers give, as our great Maſter tells us, to be ſeen of Men; and for that Reaſon, probably, it is, that there are ſo few ſecret Corbans offered up to Heaven, and not to the World; and if this be ſo, 'tis plain, that People give more for the Oſtentation of having given, than the good they hope to get done by it, and therefore you muſt have met with few generous Subſcribers.

PRIOT. I cannot approve of your Thoughts on this Point, nay, on the contrary, I am confident moſt People give for the heavenly Joy of giving, and the ſeeing much Good likely to be the Conſequence of their Bounty; and from the ſame Way of Thinking, where there is little Hope of ſuch Conſequences, Men give more coldly and illiberally. I will alſo add, that the perceiving, how unſkilfully (and therefore unſucceſsfully) many beſtow their Alms, is the Death of Charity, and the great Obſtacle to generous Donations in others. It grieves me to ſay, that I have often obſerved, that too few give with Judgment.

Perdere multi ſciunt, donare pauci.

And Numbers, through an ill concerted generoſity, do not half the Good they might do, if they appropriated their Gifts with proper Skill, and knew the happy Art of giving. But giving largely to the *Dublin* Society, has not one Objection againſt it, and anſwers every End the human Soul can aſk for, when it ſcatters the Dung of the Earth, to enrich the World. You well know, *Dean*, to give even to an uſeful Purpoſe, which ends with the Occaſion that calls for it; falls ſhort of thoſe Charities, which extends their Views to future Ages; and therefore, to aſſiſt Societies, that are contriving for the Welfare of Nations, is a nobler Donation, than relieving private Wants that die away with the Perſon relieved. I will go yet further, Mr. *Dean*, ſince I have touch'd on this Topick, and aſſert, that to give, where Vir-

tue and Induſtry are the Conſequence of the Benefaction, you muſt allow is of higher Uſe, than relieving Diſtreſſes, which have been occaſioned by Vice or Extravagance, and may probably end in them. Nay, to give under ſuch Conditions, as muſt inevitably draw in others, to join in your Charity, and enlarge your Hopes of ſerving Mankind, is of the greateſt Uſe; as it brings in Crowds to co-operate with you, and vaſtly out-do your Benefactions; and to give to a Plan of Charity, which is as likely to encreaſe as a River, the farther it goes, is of yet greater Service, than to give where their Subſcription Ends like a Shower of Rain, in watering the Earth for a Moment, and vaniſhes with the next Sun. Laſtly, to give to a few, and yet to make Numbers induſtrious and and laborious, in Hopes of receiving your Bounty, though they never obtain it, is of yet more Weight and Importance; and this is plainly the Caſe of all Præmiums, where they are faithfully diſtributed. Now, all theſe Conſiderations accompany every Subſcription to my enlarged Plan, and thence I was apt to flatter myſelf I ſhould be ſucceſsful, if I had liv'd to apply for them.

SWIFT. Well, I ſhall drop any Diſpute on that Point: But, pray, *Tom*, be a little more minute in explaining your Views, and let me know if you had many large additional Subſcriptions, how would you have applied them?

PRIOR. Why, I cannot enter into a long Detail of every Particular, but I would in General, have doubled the Præmiums of moſt of the Articles, which the Society has yet promoted, and in ſome of the moſt important Improvements and Manufactures, I would have trebled them. By this Means, it is hardly credible, what a Progreſs we ſhould make, in all thoſe Subjects of Huſbandry and manual Arts in a few Years; and how we ſhould work up the Induſtry and Skill of our People, by every Incentive that Profit or Glory could give them. I formerly reckoned

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up many Articles which I may probably ſeem tedious in repeating now, but you will make Allowances for my Fondneſs and Folly, as you know Mr. *Dean*, a Lover would as ſoon be tired with dwelling on the Praiſes of his Miſtreſs, as I can be with naming the Things, or the Methods by which I flattered myſelf I could have ſerved poor *Ireland*. The reflecting on them made my Life pleaſant to me when upon Earth, and the Remembrance of them, ſweetens my Grave to me; and therefore, though you may think them but Dreams, allow me the Pleaſure of repeating them. I ſay, then, with the higheſt Joy of Heart, that the enlarging and improving our neglected Tillage, the encouraging and heightening our old decaying Manufactures, and the ſetting up new ones ſhould have been the great Care of my Life, and the extending the Force and Uſe of the Society, when thus advanced to it's Manhood, beyond what the Weakneſs and Inexperience of it's infantine State could perform. I would have nurſed up Crowds of Orphan Arts, and as they grew up, and could ſhift for themſelves, I would have wean'd them, and brought a new Succeſſion of others in their Place, as far as the Narrowneſs of the Fund would allow me. I would have brought over foreign Workmen of all Trades and Profeſſions; I would have ſet up Glaſs Manufactures of all Kinds near our Collieries; I would have eſtabliſhed our Earthen-Ware in the moſt effectual Manner, and if poſſible (by bringing over Hands from *Birmingham*) I would have improved our Hard-ware to ſuch a Degree of Perfection as to ſtop that terrible Drain of our Caſh. I had alſo deſigned to allow large Encouragements to bring over Foreigners for improving our Silk and Thread Bone-lace for enlarging our Paper and Sugar Buſineſs, which would be a Saving of many thouſand Pounds every Year to *Ireland*.

SWIFT. Here is a fine Bundle of Hopes for a Man in Deſpair to live comfortably on! But pray now *Tom*, have

have you done reckoning up all your mighty Projects to make *Ireland* another *Utopia?* I am almoſt at the End of my Patience, for to ſay Truth, *Tom*, the Liſt of the Ships in *Homer*'s Iliad is not more tedious.

PRIOR. Why, Mr. *Dean*, to teize you as little as I can, I will drop a Number of others, and only touch curſorily on the Advancement of our Silk Manufactures of every Kind, as well as our Tapeſtry. I would have encouraged our Salt-works, and our Ship-building, and I would have ſet on Foot a Society, to have ſet up and directed our Fiſheries both in the North and South Coaſts of this Iſland. If I durſt take in ſmaller Matters, I would have ſet up an experimental Farm and Garden, and in Time allowed a Salary for a Profeſſor in Agriculture, which *Columella* you know ſo much laments the Want of, and I would have given an yearly Præmium of 100 *l.* for the beſt annual Invention in Arts and Huſbandry, as much for the beſt Book yearly in any of the Sciences, and the ſame for the beſt *Engliſh* Poem; as Nations are apt to judge of each others Genius and Talents (I will not ſay how juſtly) by the Performances they produce this Way. Nay, Mr. *Dean*, I would have adviſ'd a Præmium of at leaſt 100 *l.* annually, to be given by the Society for the beſt Picture, and alſo, as much for the beſt Piece of Sculpture, or Statue; as theſe two Arts have ever been conſider'd as the chief Marks and Characteriſtics of a polite and ſenſible Nation, and have always flouriſh'd where ever Arts or Learning have been encouraged. I had Thoughts of ſtopping the vaſt drain of our People to *America*, by hiring Ships which trade thither, to bring back every *Iriſhman gratis*, who diſliked the Country, and would rail at it when he got Home. Nay, I had even Thoughts of printing a Collection in Folio, of all the beſt *Iriſh* Pamphlets, or at leaſt, of all the beſt Hints in them, relating to the Service of our Country. I would have done my utmoſt to have gotten the beſt and nobleſt Members of the Society (as great and good Men communicate Virtue to their Friends

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as the Loadſtone invigorates the Needle it touches) to have petitioned the Parliament for ſumptuary Laws, for Hoſpitals in every County Town, for eſtabliſhing a national Bank, for illuminating our Coaſts, with Light-houſes as carefully as our Streets with Lamps; for applying to his Majeſty for a Mint for our Copper and Silver Coinage, and alſo for hardening it to prevent its wearing; as well as for forming Canals for aſſiſting our inland Navigation, and for working up our Collieries, and opening thoſe hidden Treaſures our Mines. I would have promoted by judicious Præmiums.——

SWIFT. Hold! Stop! Where is the Man going? Are you ſailing in Queſt of the North-Weſt Paſſage to make a ſhort Cut to Wealth and Trade of your own imagining? You boddered me enough with many of theſe Articles already, and do you expect I can be as little tired with them as you are? Whenever you enter upon this Subject, you run on, Head foremoſt, like a mad Hound on the Road, without minding what's before you; weak Men, I find, tho' they cannot Think without Talking, can Talk without Thinking. Was there ever ſuch a Hodge-Podge of Reveries, muſtered up by a living Author, to ſay nothinng of a dead one, that ſhould have a little more Senſe? Why there is not in all *Bedlam*, a Man ſo abſurdly diſtracted by an Over-load of Projects. You are a ſweet Politician indeed, *Tom*, and juſt as fit to conquer Nations as to mend them. What enthuſiaſtical Deluſions ſtuff thy Noddle? Will you never remember *mundus vult vadere quo vult* and be ſatisfied to leave the World to him that made it, and Kingdoms to thoſe he has appointed to govern them? Theſe high flown Whims of yours, are juſt as practicable, as *Archimedes* his moving the Earth out of it's Place, and it provokes me to hear ſuch impoſſible Projects declaim'd on by ſuch a Viſionary, ſuch a Stockjobber in Politicks!

PRIOR.

PRIOR. You try my Temper too far, I neither can nor will bear your inſolent contemptuous Way of converſing, or your opprobrious provoking Language. If you attack my favourite Foible with ſuch Acrimony, you muſt expect I will not ſpare ſome of yours: As for your ſneering at my Politicks, I own I never was a Politician, nor did I ever ſet up for one. I had too rational an Head, I thank Heaven, and too honeſt an Heart, to allow me to make any great Progreſs that Way. And now, Mr. *Dean*, I muſt tell you very frankly, I never ſaw or heard any eminent Proofs of your extraordinary Skill as a Politician, except a vaſt Crowd of Pamphlets; And what are they but the mere Cobwebs of Politicks, that owe their Birth to the Houſe being neglected, and are all ſwept away when it is clean'd? You was a pretty good Patriot, but you had ſo much of the Politician, tha next to taking Care of others, you loved to take Care of yourſelf, and all poſſible Care too. You kept a good Byaſs on your Bowl to get near the Jack at long run and ſecure a Mitre; and tho' when you were diſappointed, you furiouſly attack'd the Miniſtry and pleaded your Country's Cauſe with due Reſentment; yet even then, your Revenge when over-tired, ſlept like an Hare with it's Eyes open, that while you watch'd for the publick Good, you ſhould not overlook your own. Beſides, let me tell you *Dean*, if you will be taunting, that if the political Secrets of the latter End of the Queen's Reign were detected, you would be found as rank a Jacobite as many Authors in thoſe Days repreſented you to the World.

SWIFT. I think you have borrowed ſome of their ſort of Spite, for you ſeem to be in a great Fury with little Reaſon for it. But I muſt tell you, Sir, though thoſe Authors were ever miſtaken when they called me a *Jacobite*, I never was in the wrong when I called them Fools. As for your political Secrets, let me be allowed to ſet you right, for I aſſure you there are no ſuch Things in *England*. Men are ſuch ſieviſh leaky Mortals there, that they can't conceal even their own Rogueries; for political Secrets told to *Britons*, tho'

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under Vows of Secrecy, are like Bonds for great Sums ſeal'd in private, but Judgment is ſoon enter'd up in the public Offices, and all the World knows in a trice what has paſs'd. As for the kind Hints thoſe Writers honoured me with, I aſſure you, Sir, I deſpiſed them as ſincerely as your Anger now. Their Talents were incapable of hurting any but themſelves, and therefore I forgave them, as the Law pardons Children and Ideots. It is true, where their Spite appeared very invenom'd, I took other Meaſures; for then, as the Statute ſpeaks of Boys, *Malitia ſuplet ætatem* (Malice ſupplies their Want of Age) and I pepper'd them off notwithſtanding their Folly, to frighten ſilly Scribblers from playing with ſuch edg'd Tools again. But after all, what were their Works againſt me, but a mere hot Haſh of cold Meat, of fifty half read political Authors, and unknown common-place Party-Writers, mix'd up with common Reports, and a few inſipid lifeleſs Scraps of their own taſteleſs Traſh and factious Venom.

Prior. We that are dead and love Truth, know that moſt Books, and eſpecially Party Books are made like their Paper of old Scraps and Rags pickt up here and there; but however, their Works in thoſe Days pleaſed the World, had an infinite number of Applauders, and made you ſufficiently jealous of the Talents of their Authors.

Swift. I jealous! I deteſt, I renounce the Thought! I was never jealous of any Man but my ſelf, leſt I ſhould fall ſhort of that Glory, which I knew I had gained, and feared I might loſe again. I ever judg'd when a Man has wrote a good Book, he ſhould Stop as *Jupiter* did when he begot *Hercules*, leſt his next Production, ſhould be found vaſtly beneath the former; and therefore I was as ſuſpicious of my ſcribling Temper, as Phyſicians ſay an over-fed Glutton ſhould be of his Finger's Ends. But I ſcorn'd my Antagoniſts too much, to be jealous of them, or even to be Angry with them; for tho' they abuſed me very Generally and very Groſly, my chief Delight

light was, that they never reviled me so much as when I was in my greatest Glory, as Dogs never are so apt to Bark at the Moon, as when she is at the Full. Besides, let me tell you, testy Sir, with the old Poet *Nomina mille, mille nocendi Artes.* 'Tis so easy to be malicious, and at the same time so mean, that true Worth never Triumphs so eminently over its Enemies, as when they expose their Weakness and Envy by reviling it. It is true, many Scriblers busied themselves with Criticising and Decrying my Works; but they were so far from disturbing me, I made the best Use of them, by improving my Productions; for Criticks to good Writers, are like their own Dust to Diamonds, good for nothing but just to polish them, and them only. I Jealous! No really, Sir, there was no Occasion for it; the very Wit of my Writings kept all the laughing Part of Manhind on my Side, and I never lived in any Times where reasoning was much regarded by the common Herd of Readers or Talkers.

PRIOR. A pretty Confession for an Author, Truly! and yet since you have stirred my Gall, I must tell you, that we may say of the brightest of your Writings, what I said in one of my Exercises at School of Mr. *Cowlry.*

With all the Graces, all the Faults of Wit,
You both adorn'd and blemisht all you writ.

I am sure you had often such a quick running hand way of thinking, that you frequently left your meaning behind you. But I am not angry enough to make any severe Remarks of my own, on the numerous Tracts you gave the World; but there was one Objection every one agreed in, and that was your banishing Divinity out of all your Compositions, and indeed out of your Conversation; so that it should seem Mr. *Dean*, if I am such a wretched Politician as you say, I may as fairly and more truly tell you, that you have not shewn your self a very able Divine.

SWIFT. I smile at the Weakness of the Objection, but I am quite delighted with the Malice of it. Let

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me tell you, Sir, I had ſomething elſe to do with my Divinity, than filling Pamphlets with it to make madmen Merry, and wiſemen Sick. There is a Decency, or ſhall I rather ſay a Chaſtity in Writing or Thinking on ſuch exalted Subjects, that great Minds are apt to Cheriſh, which keeps them Cautious and Diffident, where weak Men are as bold and as raſh (to uſe an homely Phraſe) as a blind Mare in a Mire. I have known many ſilly Preachers, and paperſcull'd Writers in my Time, that were troubled with the Divinity Squirt, and were forc'd to print, or to be tormented with the Cholick, or foul themſelves; and ſo they expoſed their Nakedneſs to the World, with all their Rhapſodies of dreaming Thoughts, borrowed Senſe, and hearſay Learning. I was none of thoſe High Dutch Inkſhiters as ſomebody calls them; and inſtead of ſending my Religion to the Preſs to make other Men frantick, I kept mine at home to keep my ſelf Sober. As to the reſt of your Objection, Sir, I muſt confeſs I did not talk much of Divinity, nor did I love to hear others bring it into Converſation; for it was always my Opinion, that tho' Divinity and Piety are at home in the Church and the Cloſet, yet every where elſe they are uſed as Strangers, and ſhould be treated with the higheſt Reſpect and Ceremony. The Practice Men have fallen into, of over-writing and over-talking themſelves on ſuch Subjects, has done and is doing ſuch harm in the World, that I wonder it has not been hiſt out of it; but there are ſome Perſons ſo fond of haranguing, declaiming and ſetting out their Noiſe to the Crowd, that if they wrote on Geometry or Algebra, they would flouriſh and uſe Tropes and Figures to ſhew their Parts and their Eloquence, and ſo in ſpite of all Advice and Experience, Divinity and Religion muſt be bother'd out of their Senſes by Praters and Scriblers and half Thinkers.

But prithee *Tom*, let my Divinity alone. Why ſhould you ſtrive to vex me by throwing Dirt at me now, tho' you know I was never diſturbed by ſuch impotent

impotent Petulance, when I was above Ground; or elſe I had Revilers enough to make me as Sick of *Ireland*, after all the Service I had done it by my Pen, as ever King *William* was of *England*, after he had delivered it by his Sword. But let us put an End to this ugly Brawl, which even the Paſſion and Impudence of the living might bluſh at. It is a ſhame *Tom*, for old Friends to Quarrel for ſuch miſerable Trifles, and for the dead to grow ſo angry at them; puts us in as bad a Light, as the half-witted Fools that are ſtill crawling on the Earth. Prithee be calm and cool as the Grave ought to make you, and let us agree to drop this fit of ill Humour, and I ſhall make you a Propoſal that I hope will give you the higheſt Pleaſure. If you will lay aſide your Reſentment for my abuſing your Schemes, I will offer you one, that if ever it comes to be embraced, will make *Ireland* one of the fortunate Iſlands.

PRIOR. Make me Maſter of that important Secret, and convince me of its being probable and practicable, and my anger is over in an Inſtant, like an Infants. Dear *Dean*, you rejoyce my Heart with the very hint you have dropt, and let me beg of you to communicate the whole to me.

SWIET. Why my Scheme is entirely bottom'd on that happy one of your Society's Premiums but ſo completely ſecur'd from my old Objection of the narrowneſs and uncertainty of its Fund, as to make the force of the Engine quite equal to the Work 'tis deſigned for. No one can have an higher Opinion than I of the ſalutary Effects, which publick and honorary Rewards have on the human Mind; and above all, when the Society's Fund does not depend on Charities given by Scraps and caſual Helps quite inadequate to her extended Views, but on the publick Faith, and the great Source of all our Supplies the national Bounty, and the Zeal, the Generoſity, the good Senſe of our *Iriſh* Repreſentatives. It is as ſhameful to ſee a Kingdom depending on private Contributions, as a *Ballyſarius* begging of a common Soldier.

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The King thought ſo when he extended his royal Munificence to us, and tho' he cannot help all, or do all; he has ſhewn us he deſires it, and would gladly ſpur us on to Exert ourſelves, and be more generally Active and Buſy. This illuſtrious Example makes me confident, that if in imitation of his Majeſty, the Parliament ſhould reſolve to aſſiſt us; it would be the nobleſt and quickeſt Method of relieving all our Wants, and baniſhing Indolence and Miſery for ever from *Ireland*.

PRIOR. I embrace the lucky Thought, and hope if it be followed, it may be for ever Propitious to this poor Kingdom. I remember he that firſt introduced that obvious, but happy Scheme of Premiums; uſed often to declare that the Method of Private Subſcriptions was but a mere tranſitory Shift to ſet up with, and give a Proof of what Effects they would produce; but that Parliamentary Aids were the only adequate Funds we could thrive by. I often uſed to tell him my Fears, that ſuch Aſſiſtances were not to be hoped for, and I own I have ſome Doubt, that there are ſome Objections againſt ſuch extraordinary Helps now.

SWIFT. I know them as well as you, *Tom*, but there are none take my Word for it, but what are ſurmountable by the Spirit and Honour of an *Iriſh* Parliament. I dare pawn all that is dear to me among Men, that if our Senators will Vote 4000 *l. per Ann.* to the Society, that is 1000 l. to each of the Provinces, to encourage Tillage, enliven every Art and Manufacture, promote every Good, and remove every Evil among us; we ſhould before the End of this Century, be as much the Envy of our Neighbouring Nations, as we are now their Contempt. As they would inſpect over the Diſtribution of all they gave, there can be no fear of Miſapplication, or the low Tricks of Jobbing; and as a Tax either on Deals or Wines, on Paper or Stampt-paper, News-papers, or Almanacks; on Plays, Muſick-Meetings, Aſſemblies, on Lands ſold, on Swords or Jewels worn on our Crowds of uſeleſs Servants or thoughtleſs Travellers, would moſt of them furniſh us with ſufficient Funds,

I can ſee nothing to prevent ſo bleſſed a Purpoſe. I remember an illuſtrious Friend of ours uſed to ſay, it would be no bad Way, if in all future Parliaments, every Member ſhould be obliged to add to the preſent Oaths he takes, one plain one, that he would do his utmoſt to promote the Manufactures of this Country, the Induſtry of the People, and to ſecure Bread and Fire at Home to the miſerable Poor. But if the preſent Parliament ſhould give a Vote of Credit for 4000 *l.* a Year to the Society, it would make ſuch an Oath quite unneceſſary, and they would enable them by that ſingle Meaſure to give all our Affairs a new Face, and put us at once in the happieſt Situation that Activity and Affluence could procure us.

PRIOR. I have ſuch a Confidence in the Concurrence of Men of all Parties in ſo glorious a Deſign, that I begin to look already on this Affair as certain and ſettled. There are ſuch Crowds of ſincere and hearty Friends to their Country in that honourable Aſſembly, that I fully perſuade my ſelf, they will never grudge ſo ſmall a Sum to this plain and evident Method of laying the Foundation on which the Proſperity of *Ireland* may ſtand for ever. We ſhould then ſee prodigious Changes for the better, and no more hear ſuch complaining in our Streets of no Trade, no Arts or Artiſts, or Encouragement for them in *Ireland*. This depends on ourſelves and the Spirit and Votes of our own generous Commons, who will be bleſs'd by Poſterity for thus making their Zeal, the great Source of Wealth, Induſtry, Plenty and Peace amongſt us. Indeed, when I conſider how ſhameful it wou'd be, if, through any undue Influence we ſhould want every Support in our Power to give our People to enliven, enrich, or diſtinguiſh our Country; I grow almoſt Confident of ſuch a bleſſed Aſſiſtance. This is helping our Families, our Dependants, our Tenants and Fellow-Citizens, the preſent and future Generations. Every Acre the Society would by this means improve (and they would improve Millions) would be ſo much additional Wealth to the Kingdom; every Art they ſet up, every manual Trade they encourage, will be

a new ſtrength to us, and will ſpread themſelves as faſt thro' the Kingdom as our Rivers do their vital Juices thro' our Plains.

SWIFT. Well, *Tom*, I am glad our Diſputes are at an End, that I have pleaſed you at laſt, and made you entirely prefer my Methods of aſſiſting the Society to your own. It is certain, a Vote of Parliament has often ſet up uſeful Manufactures here, and this will be but a general one, for the ſetting up all. Nor is there any Cauſe to doubt of this publick Bounty, for tho' private Men are penurious, Nations are generous, and the publick Money is ſo eaſily raiſed, is paid by ſo many, and hurts ſo few, that even a Parliament of Miſers might be Charitable. Every body is well diſpoſed to beſtow bounteouſly out of his Neighbour's Purſe, to good Purpoſes, tho' he may be cloſe enough or cautious enough, to ſave his own; and at the ſame Time, the Publick is certainly the proper and natural Guardian of its own Wants and Intereſts. In ſhort, *Tom*, the Thing is ſo manifeſt and ſelf-evident, that I dare pronounce the Day is coming, when Votes to ſet on foot ſuch Undertakings, propoſed by ſkilful Artiſts, and to encourage publick Works, will be as common as Addreſſes to the King, and Congratulations to our Lord Lieutenants. As we ought to give to *Ireland*, and to help our poor Country as well as his Majeſty; and as no Money given by any People, can be productive, of ſo much and ſo general a Good to all, as this 4000 *l. per Ann.*; as it will be manag'd by ſuch clean Hands, and ſuch clear Heads and faithful Hearts, as it will be directed by an Induſtry that never ſlackens, and by a Society which by the King's Goodneſs to us, can never die, I am ſure we ſhall not be denied it. This is really the trueſt and nobleſt Uſe of Riches, for to give and relieve Thouſands, is the beſt View on which we can either gather or diſperſe them, and above all when the Charity begins at home, and helps and makes happy our wanting Brethren. This Deſign muſt give the higheſt Joy to the Parliament, which ſupports and enforces it, for it is certainly a vaſt Pleaſure to a Patriot any way to aſſiſt in alleviating and aſſiſting the Wants of his indigent

Countrymen;

Countrymen; but how much must his Joy be encreas'd, and what must he feel, who bestows Knowledge, Virtue and Industry, to Millions of his Fellow-Citizens? To give to such noble Ends, seems to be transcending the Limits of Humanity, and wou'd look like usurping on the Power of Heaven, if the Creator had not transform'd it, to a Kind of Homage to himself.

PRIOR. Dear *Dean*, I forgive you any Trifle that offended me in our Dialogue, and I thank you from my Soul for this happy Expedient to serve our Country so evidently and effectually. If once our Representatives will let us feel and know, that Industry in *Ireland*, shall never be unrewarded, nor Arts neglected, we shall soon learn that in so fertile a Country, no Man who has Hands and will use them, can ever want either the Necessaries or Conveniences of Life. This Help from our Parliament wou'd turn in a little Time our Desarts into Gardens, our Famines into Plenty, our Herdsmen into Farmers, our Beggars into Labourers, our Villages of starving Cottagers, into Towns swarming with Artists, and our Beasts into Men; nay every Hill wou'd be cultivated, every Valley ornamented, and our Lands as much improv'd as our Roads.

SWIFT. What hindered our former Parliaments from taking such Measures, I will not pretend to Guess, but why they in the Days of our Ancestors, shou'd Vote such Funds to our Civil and Military Establishments, and such Pittances, such Nothings, to the Ease the Well-being, the Happiness and Honour of the Nation, is hard to say, and parhaps, *Tom*, if we were living in those Days not very safe. It is a Comfort our People are in no such Danger now, under such a Senate and such a Governor, nor shall we be any more in danger of Jobbing away our Country for private Views, or sacrificing the general Welfare of a whole People to the Pride or the Power, the Gain, Avarice or Ambition, of half a Dozen overgrown Men. But there is one Thing, *Tom*, I must mention, as almost as usefull to the Happiness of *Ireland*, as the Parliament's Assistance, and that is

that

that in every County, great City, and large manufacturing Towns, Societies ſhou'd be form'd with Subſcriptions from all who compoſe them, for ſetting up Premiums for ſuch Improvements, in all the manual Arts, as they find they want moſt to ſet forward. But as I think you mention'd this already, and ſeem as zealous to ſee it promoted as I am, I ſhall not enlarge on it as fully as it deſerves. All I ſhall hint at is, that 50 *l.* or 60 *l.* or at moſt 100 *l.* a Year thus applied, wou'd have amazing Effects thro' the Nation, as it wou'd remove all thoſe Wants, and ſet up thoſe Arts, which wou'd moſt affect their particular Circumſtances, and which the *Dublin* Society, cou'd not ſo immediately attend to, in its general View of aſſiſting all. As ſoon as the moſt neceſſary Things were fully provided for, ſuch Societies wou'd go on to others, and thus in Time, wou'd find their own Eſtates and Neighbourhoods, largely repaying by their Improvements, the Care and the Expence of the Subſcribers. The maritime Counties, wou'd ſoon among other Things ſet up Fiſheries, and the Inland Counties, wou'd promote either Tillage or Mines, or uſefull Manufactures; and by this means, all the great Drains of our Health and our Wealth, our Blood and our Spirits, wou'd be cut off, and our natural Strength wou'd encreaſe with our Labour. Thus in Proceſs of Time, this Kingdom wou'd be the Happieſt, inſtead of being the moſt Diſtreſt of all Lands, and wou'd be as Rich as ſhe wants to be, provided always, dear *Tom*, that like ſome good-natur'd thriving Merchants I have known, we do not reſolve to be bound for our elder Brother's Debts.

PRIOR. I think ſuch Societies in every County, or every conſiderable County, wou'd be a nobe Addition to our Parliamentary Bounties; and I truſt in the Providence of him who governs the World, and the Goodneſs of thoſe whom he has appointed as his Subſtitutes over theſe Nations, we ſhall not want theſe Bleſſings long. But we will if you pleaſe, Mr. *Dean*, drop this Subject at the preſent; and now we have talk'd over ſo many of theſe Particulars relating to the Welfare of *Ireland*, I wou'd

fain

fain ſpeak on other intereſting Topicks, which alſo occaſion'd my paying this Viſit to you, The firſt is to canvaſs over calmly and candidly all the Arguments for or againſt a Union of this Kingdom, with *Great Britain*. I am aſſured by all the Ghoſts I have met with of late, that this is a Deſign, which in due Time is ſurely to be brought about one way or other. The ſecond is the violent and ill-judg'd Brigues and Feuds, between ſome of our moſt conſiderable People; who tear our Country in Pieces, like *Cæſar* and *Pompey*, becauſe one cannot bear an Equal, nor the other a Superior, in the Government. In the 3d Place, I want to ſettle clearly, whether any of the Money that was charged to the Account of our Barracks, was carried out of the Kingdom by ſome ſtrange Accident or other. When we have fully diſcuſſed this, I wou'd in the laſt place talk to you, in as free a Manner, as two ſuch Friends to *Ireland* ſhou'd do; how well our Senate has formerly maintained, and is likely now to maintain its undoubted Right of diſpoſing of the Redundancies of the Treaſury, and taking Care that the Peoples Money, be laid out for the Service of themſelves and the Nation.

SWIFT. I am quite pleaſed with your Propoſal; but ſtay, I ſee they are lighting up Candles for Morning Service. Ah, *Tom*, if the Prayers of the Living were as Sincere and as Ardent as thoſe of the Dead, what an altered World wou'd this be? Here is the Curate and three old Women coming to Church; what think you if for fear of frighting Fools, we laid by theſe winding Sheets in my Tomb, and walk'd in *Freſco*, in the Deanery-Garden, and enjoy'd this bright Morn.

PRIOR. With all my Heart. I have a Budget of Anecdotes, and a deal of Law and Politicks, to entertain you with. Oh this poor Kingdom! this unthinking People grieve my Soul!

SWIFT. Dear *Tom*, moſt Men ſcarce begin to Think, till they're ſummoned to die, and that I fear muſt be the Caſe of *Ireland*, unleſs the Parliament helps us. *Allons!* to my old dear Garden——lead the Way! without *ſans* Ceremony, as *Jodolet* ſays in the Play. *EXEUNT.*